



To the
PRINCESS ROYAL
whose personal Accomplishments
can only be equalled by those
Beauties of the Mind, which reflect
the most radiant Lustre on exalted
Rank and surpass the Efforts of the
sublimest Panegyric; this Selection
of the original Works of the most
favorite British Bards is inscribed
with profound Respect by the

Nov. 15. 1794

Proprietor

*Engraved under the direction of C. Cooke, Nov. 15. 1794.
Designed by C. Cooke, Drawn by J. Goussier
and Engraved by C. Blom.*



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Cooke (Charles)
Bookbinder



Engraved under the direction of C. Cooke, Nov. 23, 1794.
Designed by C. Cooke, Drawn by R. Clough,
and Engraved by C. Hume.



THOMSONS WORKS,
 forming part of
 Cooke's Pocket Edition
 of the Original & Complete Works of
 SELECT BRITISH POETS,
 or Entertaining Poetical Library,
 containing the Poetic Productions of the most
 Esteemed British Bards,
 Superbly Embellished.



Embellished under the direction of C. COOKE, Novr 13. 1791.

the second page of the first



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES THOMSON.

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
IMPROVEMENTS.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

He wants no advocate his cause to plead:
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No sect---alike it flow'd to all mankind.
Such was the Man---the Poet well you know;
Oft' has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire:
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot---

Proel. to Coriol.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row;
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.

POLITICAL WORKS

JAMES THOMSON

THE
POLITICAL
WORKS
OF
JAMES THOMSON
ESQ.
OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW-YORK
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. ALLEN,
101 NASSAU ST.
1847.

ADDRESS.

VARIOUS Efforts have been made for crowning with all the Honours of the Prefs and Pencil, the History of our Country, and the Productions of the Dramatist and Novelist; it was therefore presumed, that the Works of the most esteemed British Bards merited the same Regard; and more particularly, as there are many Lovers of the polite Arts, whose Taste would lead them to patronize the sublime Effusions of poetical Fancy, being more happily adapted for the Embellishments of Genius, than the severer Studies of the Closet, or the farcantic Sallies of the Novelist.

At a Period when the Arts have arrived to a Degree of Perfection unexampled in the Annals of this Country, when the Genius of the Nation is refined in Proportion to their Improvement, and an universal Taste prevails for Beauty and Excellence, it was thought the best Season for offering to the Notice of the Public, the complete Productions of the most esteemed British Bards: and since the Productions of the Drama, and the most esteemed Novels, have been reduced to a convenient and portable Size, and embellished with the most finished Execution of the Prefs and Pencil, the Proprietor thought the *Poets* no less entitled to those superior Decorations.

There is an happy Combination between the Arts of Poetry and Painting. What the Poet achieves by elaborate Detail, the Painter accomplishes by instantaneous Effect. To the Imagination of the Poet, the Painter is indebted for all his happiest Subjects; and, in return, the Embellishments of the Pencil reflect a Lustre on the best Productions of the Muse. The Union, therefore, of Poetry and Painting affords an Employment for the Mind at once elegant, delightful, and instructive; and when recommended with every Degree of Taste and Elegance, they must evidently claim the liberal Patronage of the Admirers of Poetic Genius, exerted in all the Display of lively Fancy. It is therefore the Design of this Work, to combine the sublime and refined Ideas of the Poet with the picturesque and elegant Representations of the Artist; and to present at once to the Mind and the Eye, the most beautiful and striking Objects, in all the Harmony of Verse and Force of Colouring.

Poetry opens a more extensive Field for the Flights of Fancy, and the Indulgence of the Imagination, than the Productions of the Historian or the Novelist: for what can be a more luxurious Banquet to the speculative Mind than the sublime Descriptions of Milton, the enchanting Pictures of Shenstone, the rustic Scenery of Thomson, or the beautiful Imagery of Akenfide?

When Objects so happily adapted to expand the Ideas are heightened by the united Efforts of the Press and Pencil, it is presumed that a Work formed on so eligible a Plan, may embolden the Proprietor to solicit not only the Support of those Friends who have patronized his former Undertakings, but the Countenance of all the Lovers of the polite Arts, to whom the Effusions of exalted Genius must ever appear Objects for beautiful Illustration.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Edition of THE SELECT BRITISH POETS, having been brought forward at a very great Expence, it is only by an extensive Demand that the Proprietor can possibly encourage the Hope of a distant Benefit to himself.

The rapid Sale of the Works of the first Author in this Selection is highly flattering to the Proprietor, having gone through the first Edition in less than a Month, which will animate him to fresh Exertions.

The Lovers of the imitative Arts, who honour this Work with their Patronage, will, in the superior Edition, be certain of choice Impressions of the valuable Embellishments, as the Number worked off is so limited, as not to deprive the Plates of any of their Beauties. And as to the general Edition, as soon as the Plates lose their Brilliancy and Colour, in Consequence of the numerous Impressions struck off, new Plates will be engraved from the respective Designs.

To effect a perpetual Excellence in the general Appearance of these interesting, picturesque, and superb Appendages, the Proprietor will spare neither Pains or Expence, animated by an Assurance, that, in a Country where the Arts are cherished and protected, his Claim to public Attention and Support will be admitted, in Proportion as it rises and expands; and he trusts that eventually he shall have no Reason to repent his presenting to the World, the Works of *The British Bards*, decorated in a Style of Costliness unattempted before by any Individual.

Several Gentlemen, with a Liberality which is thus publicly and gratefully acknowledged by the Proprietor, have offered the Loan of *Portraits* by the first Masters in their Days, for the Service of the Engravers. And he is happy in the Approbation of those who have kindly favoured him with the use of Originals high in the Estimation of the Virtuoso, as well as pleased with their Assurance, that the Copies have not fallen off from the Merit of the Originals.

In the Life of the Author whose Works compose the present Volume, the Editor has inserted Extracts, containing a few beautiful Passages selected from the many which so forcibly mark the *Seasons*: this may induce the Possessor to turn to the Poem itself, which cannot be too much

much admired, or too often read. And as the Merits of the several Bards, among polite and fashionable Circles, are frequently Subjects of Animadversion, it may not be unacceptable to our juvenile Readers, who have not perused the Poets, to select a few of their Beauties, which may enable them to form an Idea of the Excellence of the Author: as it must be ever pleasing to possess a Bouquet culled from the choicest Flowers, and including all that is lovely and elegant. The Editor has followed the same Rule in the Lives prefixed to the Works of the subsequent Poets; so that the Reader, previous to perusal, may form a Judgment of the Beauties of the respective Productions.

As the Intention of this Work is to give only the *original* Productions of the respective Poets, it will not contain any *Translations*: but that those Readers, who are partial to the Translations, may not be disappointed of possessing Editions of them on a Scale corresponding with the present Selection, it is intended to publish them as a separate Work, upon a Plan precisely similar to the present; in which will be given those much esteemed Productions, *Pope's Homer*, *Dryden's Virgil*, *Garth's Ovid*, and *Francis's Horace*, which will be followed by others of equal Celebrity.

It is likewise intended to publish the *British Classics* and the *Sacred Classics*, which, with the *Select Novels*, and *Hume's History of England*, now published, will compose a valuable Assemblage of the most esteemed Productions in the English Language, executed upon the same improved Plan, and convenient Size, as the present Work, forming together a select Library of elegant and interesting Literature.



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COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT POETS.



Engraved by W. Ridg. from an Original Painting

THOMPSON.

Printed for C. Cooke 17, Pall-mall Row. Novr 15 1794.

THE LIFE OF JAMES THOMSON.

IT is commonly said, that the life of a good writer is best read in his works ; which can scarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits ; the distinguishing character of his mind, his ruling passion, at least, will there appear undisguised. But however just this observation may be, and although we might safely rest Mr. Thomson's fame, as a good man, as well as a man of genius, on this sole footing ; yet the desire which the public always shews of being more particularly acquainted with the history of an eminent author, ought not to be disappointed ; as it proceeds not from mere curiosity, but chiefly from affection and gratitude to those by whom they have been entertained and instructed.

To give some account of a deceased friend is often a piece of justice, likewise, which ought not to be refused to his memory ; to prevent or efface the impertinent fictions which officious biographers are so apt to collect and propagate. And we may add, that the circumstances of an author's life will sometimes throw the best light upon his writings ; instances whereof we shall meet with in the following pages.

Mr. Thomson was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September, in the year 1700. His father, minister of that place, was but little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood ; but highly respected by them, for his piety, and his diligence in the pastoral duty, as appeared afterwards in their kind offices to his widow and orphan family.

The Rev. Messrs. Riccarton and Gushart particularly took a most affectionate and friendly part in all their concerns. The former, a man of most uncommon penetration and good taste, had early discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook, therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with proper books, corrected his performances, and was daily rewarded with the pleasure of seeing his labour so happily employed.

Sir William Bennet, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with our young Poet, and used to invite him to pass the summer vacation at his country seat, a scene of life which Mr. Thomson always remembered with particular pleasure : but what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir William, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every new-year's day, committing his little pieces to

the flames in their due order, and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humorously recited the several grounds of their condemnation.

After the usual course of school education, under an able master at Jedburgh, Mr. Thomson was sent to the University of Edinburgh. In his first pieces, the Seasons, we see him at once assume the majestic freedom of an Eastern writer, seizing the grand images as they rise, cloathing them in his own expressive language, and preserving, throughout, the grace, the variety, and the dignity, which belong to a just composition, unhurt by the stiffness of formal method.

About this time the study of poetry was become general in Scotland, the best English authors being universally read, and imitations of them attempted. Addison having lately displayed the beauties of Milton's immortal work, and his Remarks on it, together with Mr. Pope's celebrated Essay, had opened the way to an acquaintance with the best poets and critics.

But the most learned critic is not always the best judge of poetry, taste being a gift of Nature, the want of which Aristotle and Bosiu cannot supply, nor even the study of the best originals, when the reader's faculties are not tuned in a certain consonance to those of the poet; and this happened to be the case with certain learned gentlemen into whose hands a few of Mr. Thomson's first Essays had fallen. Some inaccuracies of style, and those luxuriancies which a young writer can hardly avoid, lay open to their cavils and censure: so far, indeed, they might be competent judges, but the fire and enthusiasm of the poet had entirely escaped their notice. Mr. Thomson, however, conscious of his own strength, was not discouraged by this treatment, especially as he had some friends on whose judgment he could better rely, and who thought very differently of his performances.

From that time Mr. Thomson began to turn his views towards London, where works of genius may always expect a candid reception and due encouragement: and an accident soon after entirely determined him to try his fortune there.

The divinity chair at Edinburgh was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman universally respected and beloved, and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care by his kind offices, his candour and affability. Our Author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him, for the subject of an exercise, a psalm in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required, but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Mr. Hamilton, as his custom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most masterly, striking parts of it; but, at last,

turning to Mr. Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr. Thomson to understand that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious; he therefore quitted his situation and went to London.

His merit did not long lie concealed. Mr. Forbes, afterwards Lord President of the Session, then attending the service of Parliament, having seen a specimen of Mr. Thomson's poetry in Scotland, received him very kindly, and recommended him to some of his friends, particularly to Mr. Aikman, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting, was become a professed painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our Author. What a warm return he met with, and how Mr. Thomson was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verses which he wrote on that occasion.

Our Author's reception wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risque the publication of his Poem of Winter, which was published in March 1726: it was no sooner read than universally admired, those only excepted who had not been used to feel or to look for any thing in poetry beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart antithesis richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an elegiac complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily recommend itself, till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a Poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to Nature and his own genius; but, in a short time, the applause became unanimous, every one wondering how so many pictures, and those so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions, too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less, leaving him in doubt whether he should more admire the Poet or love the man.

From that time Mr. Thomson's acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses; the Countess of Hertford, Miss Drelincourt, afterwards Viscountess Primrose, Mrs. Stanley, and others. But the chief happiness which his Winter procure

him, was that it brought him acquainted with Dr. Rundle, afterwards Lord Bishop of Derry, who, upon conversing with Mr. Thomson, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship, promoted his character every where, introduced him to his great friend the Lord Chancellor Talbot, and some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make his tour of travelling, recommended Mr. Thomson as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr. Rundle, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the Memory of Lord Talbot. The true cause of that undeserved treatment has been secreted from the public, as well as the dark manœuvres that were employed; but Mr. Thomson, who had access to the best information, places it to the account of

--- Slandrous zeal, and politics insin,
Jealous of worth.----

Mean while our Poet's chief care had been, in return for the public favour, to finish the plan which their wishes laid out for him: and the expectations which his Winter had raised, were fully satisfied by the successive publication of the other Seasons; of Summer in the year 1727, of Spring in the beginning of the following year, and of Autumn in a quarto edition of his works printed in 1730.

In that edition the Seasons are placed in their natural order, and crowned with that inimitable Hymn, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as one whole, the immediate affect of infinite power and goodness. In imitation of the Hebrew bard, all Nature is called forth to do homage to the Creator, and the reader is left enraptured in silent adoration and praise.*

* Excellent as the works of Mr. Thomson are, it is remarkable that there has not been any considerable criticism on his merits and character, and therefore we will take the liberty of transcribing those few remarks which have appeared, as well as introducing our own. An ingenious and elegant writer says, "Thomson had peculiar and powerful talents for this species of composition. He possessed a strong and copious fancy; he has enriched poetry with a variety of new and original images, which he painted from Nature itself, and from his own actual observations: his descriptions have, therefore, a distinctness and truth which are utterly wanting to those of poets who have only copied from each other, and have never looked abroad on the objects themselves. Thomson was accustomed to wander for many weeks attentive to each rural scene; while many Poets, whose views have rarely been extended beyond the sphere of London, have attempted to describe the beauties of Nature. Hence that nauseous repetition of the same circumstance; and that disgusting impropriety of introducing what may be called a set of hereditary images, without proper regard to the age, climate, or occasion, in which they were formerly used. Though the diction of

" the

Besides these, and his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, written and acted with applause in the year 1729, Mr. Thomson had, in 1727, published his poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased, containing a deserved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries; sublimely poetical, and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner,

"the *Seasons* is sometimes harsh and inharmonious, and sometimes turgid and obscure, and though, in many instances, the numbers are not sufficiently diversified by different pauses, yet is this Poem, on the whole, from the numberless strokes of Nature in which it abounds, one of the most captivating and amusing in our language; and which, as its beauties are not of a fugacious kind, as depending on particular customs and manners, will ever be perused with delight. The scenes of Thomson are frequently as wild and romantic as those of *Salvator Rosa*, pleasingly varied with precipices, torrents, cliffs, deep vallies, mountains, and gloomy caverns. Innumerable are the little circumstances in his descriptions, totally unobserved by all his predecessors. What poet hath ever taken notice of the leaf, that, towards the end of the autumn,

"Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
"Oft' startling such as, studious, walk below,
"And slowly circles through the waving air?"

"Where is the dust which has not been alive?"

enquires the pensive and pathetic Young. How sublime the following lines! and how beautifully do they prove that the Poet

"Look'd through Nature up to Nature's God."

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading e'en the microscopic eye!
Full Nature swarms with life; one wond'rous mass
Of animals or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital Breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary sen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects.

The Poet's caution to the anglers must be pleasing to every advocate for humanity.

But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

the count Algarotti, takes a line of it for the text of his Philosophical Dialogues, *Il Newtonismo per le dame*: this was in part owing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr. Gray, a gentleman well versed in the Newtonian philosophy, who, on that occasion, gave him a very exact, though general, abstract of his principles.

That same year the resentment of our merchants for the interruption of their trade by the Spaniards in America running very high, Mr. Thomson zealously took part in it, and wrote his

The fate of the industrious bees, how finely pictured!

And see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honeyed domes,
Convold, and agonizing in the dust.

Mr. Kirk's painting, from the following affecting passage, we hope, will be as much admired for its truth and simplicity by all our patrons, as it has been to a few who have seen it previous to its publication.

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him a'long the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Dr. Johnson, in a conversation, was once heard to say of the following extract, that it could not be read too often:

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
Then Wisdom prostrate lies, and fading Fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
Th' enticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurks searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false warbling in his cheated ear,
Her Syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy!

poem *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge; and although this piece is the less read that its subject was but accidental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it can never be out of season: they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that devotion to the public, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure, or more intense, than himself.

The following lines appeared so natural, and so well suited to form a happy subject, that Mr. Kirk thought they well deserved a delineation from his pencil. His painting has been much admired for its interesting display of pastoral simplicity; and Mr. Neagle, the Engraver, has treated it with a truth and delicacy worthy of his abilities.

Now swarms the village o'er the joyful mead;
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.

The following lines cannot be sufficiently admired: and the Poet's description of the charms of *Lavinia* cannot fail of delighting the reader. It is no wonder that the subject attracted the attention of the painter; for who, that possessed the smallest degree of sensibility, could pass over a scene so beautifully described? We cannot withhold the tribute of praise due to Mr. Kirk for his beautiful delineation of this passage.

The lovely young *Lavinia* once had friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and *Heaven*,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their lumid beams into the blooming flowers.
----- A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, the best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

How beautifully is the character of *Palemon* pourtrayed, and his transport described, on his first meeting with *Lavinia*!

----- The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,

Our author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the Honourable Mr. Charles Talbot in his travels.

With this amiable companion and friend, Mr. Thomson visited most of the courts and capital cities of Europe, and returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, of the constitution

When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd besides his reaper train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

“What pity! that so delicate a form,
“By beauty kindled, where enliv'ning sense
“And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
“Should be devoted to the rude embrace
“Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
“Of old Acato's line; and to my mind
“Recals that patron of my happy life,
“From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
“Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
“And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.”
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

“And art thou then Acato's dear remains?
“She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
“So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
“The softened image of my noble friend;
“Alive his every look, his every feature,
“More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
“Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
“That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
“In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
“The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
“Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
“Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
“Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
“O let me now into a richer soil
“Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers
“Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
“And of my garden be the pride and joy!

and policy of the several states, their connexions, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of Liberty, wherein he compares our happy well-poised government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments, and shew them by what means the glorious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost, he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work, upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

While Mr. Thomson was writing the first part of Liberty, he received a severe shock by the death of his noble friend and fellow

How full, particular, and picturesque, is this assemblage of circumstances that attend a very keen frost in a night of winter!

- " Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
- " A double noise; while at his evening watch
- " The village dog deters the nightly thief;
- " The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
- " Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread
- " Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
- " Shakes from afar.

A group worthy the pencil of Giacomo de Bassano, and so minutely delineated, that he might have worked from this sketch;

- " on the grassy bank
- " Some ruminating lie; while others stand
- " Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
- " The circling surface.

Nor do we recollect that any poet hath been struck with the murmurs of the numberless insects that swarm abroad at the noon of a summer's day; as attendants of the evening, indeed, they have been mentioned:

- " Resounds the lively surface of the ground;
- " Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
- " To him who muses thro' the woods at noon,
- " Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd
- " With half-shut eyes.

But the novelty and nature we admire in the descriptions of Thomson, is by no means his only excellence: he is equally to be praised for impressing on our minds the effects which the scene delineated would have on the present spectator or hearer.

These observations on Thomson might still be augmented, by an examination and development of the beauties in the loves of the birds, in Spring, ver. 580; a view of the torrid zone, in Summer, ver. 626; the rise of fountains and rivers, in Autumn, ver. 781; a man perishing in the snows, in Winter; ver. 277; and the wolves descending from the Alps, and a view of Winter within the Polar circle, ver. 809; which are all of them highly finished originals. Winter is, in our apprehension, the most valuable of those four poems; the scenes of it, like those of *Il Penseroso* of Milton, being of that awful, and solemn, and pensive kind, on which a great genius best delights to dwell.

traveller, which was soon followed by another as severe, the death of Lord Talbot; which Mr. Thomson so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory. In him the nation saw itself deprived of an uncorrupted patriot, the faithful guardian of their rights, on whose wisdom and integrity they had founded their hopes of relief from many tedious vexations: and Mr. Thomson, besides his share in the general mourning, had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel, for the person whom of all mankind he most revered and loved.

From an easy competency he was reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life, excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor General of the Leeward Islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of my Lord Lyttleton.

Immediately upon his return to England with Mr. Talbot, the Chancellor had made him his Secretary of Briefs, a place of little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord who succeeded the Lord Talbot in office kept it vacant for some time, probably till Mr. Thomson should apply for it, he was so dispirited and so regardless to every concern that he never made any efforts to obtain it; a neglect which his best friends greatly blamed him for.

Yet his genius was not depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed, with time, his usual cheerfulness. The profits arising from his works were not inconsiderable; his Tragedy of Agamemnon, acted in 1738, yielded a good sum; Mr. Millar, the bookseller, was always ready to answer, or even to prevent, his demands; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts he knew were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired.

But his chief dependence during this long interval was on the protection and bounty of his Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales, who, upon the recommendation of Lord Lyttleton, settled on him a handsome allowance; and afterwards, when he was introduced to his Royal Highness, that excellent Prince, who truly was what Mr. Thomson paints him, "The friend of mankind and of merit," received him very graciously, and ever after honoured him with many marks of particular favour and confidence. A circumstance, which does equal honour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted; that my Lord Lyttleton's recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr. Thomson was personally known to him.

It happened, however, that the favour of his Royal Highness was in one instance of some prejudice to our Author, in the refusal of a licence for his tragedy of Edward and Eleonora, which he had prepared for the stage in the year 1739. The reader may see

that this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; but the ministry, offended from certain pasquinades which he had produced, was as little satisfied with the Prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs, therefore would not permit the representation of a piece written under his eye, and they might probably think, by his command.

This refusal drew after it another, and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr. Paterfon, a companion of Mr. Thomson, afterwards his Deputy, and then his successor in the general surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the Tragic Muse, and had taken for his subject the story of Arminius the German hero: but his play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the Censor cast his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had seen Edward and Eleonora, than he cried out, Away with it! and the Author's profits were reduced to what his Bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

Mr. Thomson's next dramatic performance was his *Mask of Alfred*, written jointly with Mr. Mallet, by command of the Prince of Wales, for the entertainment of his Royal Highness's court at his summer-residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr. Mallet. It was acted at Clifden, in the year 1740, on the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.

In the year 1745, his *Tancred and Sigismunda*, taken from the novel in *Gil Blas*, was performed with applause, and, from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, continued to draw crowded houses. The success of this piece was indeed insured, from the first, by the appearance of Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber in the principal characters, which they heightened and adorned with all the magic of their never-failing art.

He had in the meantime been finishing his *Castle of Indolence*, in two cantos. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of raillery on himself and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence, while he thought them, at least, as indolent as himself: but he saw, very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fitted to convey one of the most important moral lessons.

The *stanza* which he uses in this work is that of Spencer, borrowed from the Italian poets; in which he thought rhymes had their proper place, and were even graceful: the compass of the stanza admitting an agreeable variety of final sounds: while the sense of the poet is not cramped or cut short, nor yet too much dilated; as must often happen, when it is parcelled out into rhymed couplets; the usual measure indeed of our *elegy* and *satire*; but

which always weakens the higher poetry, and, to a true ear, will sometimes give it an air of the *burlesque*.

This was the last piece Mr. Thomson himself published, his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best men and best poets that ever lived in it.

He had always been a timorous horseman; and more so in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders are continually passing: so that, when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between London and Richmond, with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he might chat and rest himself, or perhaps dine by the way. One summer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to Hammer-smith, he had overheated himself, and in that condition imprudently took a boat to carry him to Kew; apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house at the upper end of Kew-lane had always hitherto prevented. But now the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This, however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger: till the fine weather having tempted him to expose himself once more to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town; at last, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Reid, with Dr. Armstrong, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance: but, alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of August, 1748.

His testamentary executors were, the Lord Lyttleton, whose care of our poet's fortune and fame ceased not with his life; and Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage to the best advantage; from the profits of which, and the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, all demands were duly satisfied, and a handsome sum remitted to his sisters. My Lord Lyttleton's prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that had ever been *written*: the best *spoken* it certainly was. The sympathizing audience saw that *then*, indeed, Mr. Quin was *no actor*; that the tears he shed were those of real friendship and grief.

Mr. Thomson's remains were deposited in the church of Richmond, under a plain stone, without any inscription: nor did his brother poets at all exert themselves on the occasion, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his life-

time. This silence furnished matter to one of his friends for an excellent satirical epigram, which we are sorry we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr. Collins, who had lived some time at Richmond, but forsook it when Mr. Thomson died, wrote an Ode to his memory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that seems to have dictated it, we shall subjoin.

Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed, what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry: a sonnet, or a copy of some verses, he could manage pretty well, or even improve them in the reading; but a passage of Virgil, Milton, or Shakspeare, proved a difficult task: so deficient was he in this particular, that Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis, who was a remarkable good reader, was so provoked at the injustice he did to his own poetry by his recitation, that he snatched his manuscript from his hands, and told him he did not understand his own verses.

He had improved his taste upon the best originals, ancient and modern; but could not bear to write what was not strictly his own, what had not more immediately struck his imagination, or touched his heart; so that he is not in the least concerned in that question about the merit or demerit of imitators. What he borrows from the ancients he gives us in an avowed faithful paraphrase or translation, as we see in a few passages taken from Virgil, and in that beautiful picture from Pliny the Elder, where the course and gradual increase of the Nile are figured by the stages of man's life.

The autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night the time he generally chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular Italian drama, such as Metastasio writes; as it is there heightened by the charms of the best voices and instruments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments as, in one respect, naked and imperfect, when compared with the *ancient*, or with those of Italy: wishing sometimes that a *chorus*, at least, and a better *recitative* could be introduced.

Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture. In his travels he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern

art, and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions in the poem of Liberty, we have the master-pieces there mentioned placed in a stronger light, perhaps, than if we saw them with our eyes, at least more justly delineated than in any other account extant: so superior is a natural taste of the grand and beautiful to the traditional lessons of a common virtuoso. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique, are now in the possession of his friend, Mr. Gray, of Richmond Hill.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of mind and heart, they are better represented in his writings than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends, his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page.

He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any person one moment's pain, by his writings or otherwise. He took no part in the poetical squabbles which happened in his time, and was respected and left undisturbed by both sides. He would even refuse to take offence when he justly might, by interrupting any personal story that was brought him, with some jest, or some humorous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever seen ruffled or discomposed, but when he read or heard of some flagrant instance of injustice, oppression, or cruelty: then, indeed, the strongest marks of horror and indignation were visible in his countenance.

These amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardour, and lamented his untimely fate in the manner that is still fresh in every one's memory: the best and greatest men of his time honoured him with their friendship and protection: the applause of the public attended every appearance he made; the actors, of whom the more eminent were his friends and admirers, grudging no pains to do justice to his tragedies. At present, indeed, if we except *Tancred*, they are seldom called for, the simplicity of his plots, and the models he worked after, not suiting the reigning taste, nor the impatience of an English theatre. They may hereafter come to be in vogue, but we hazard no comment or conjecture upon them, or upon any part of Mr. Thomson's works: neither need they any defence or apology, after the reception they have had at home, and in the foreign languages into which they have been translated. We shall only say, that, to judge from the imitations of his manner, which have been following him close from the very first publication of *Winter*, he seems to have fixed no inconsiderable æra of the English poetry.

His extraordinary poetical abilities are described by Dr. Johnson in the following picturesque language. "As a writer, he is en-

“titled to one praise of the highest kind: his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on nature and on life with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to his view, whatever there is in which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the “Seasons” wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shews him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.

“His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of Spring, the splendour of Summer, the tranquillity of Autumn, and the horror of Winter, take in their turns possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearance of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his part in the entertainment; for he is assisted to recollect and to combine, to arrange his discoveries, and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation.”

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON,

BY MR. COLLINS.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.

II.

In yon' deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy harp* shall now be laid,
That he, whole heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

* The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Canto of Indolence.

IV.

Remembrance oft' shall haunt the shore
 When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
 And oft' suspend the dashing oar,
 To bid his gentle spirit rest!

V.

And oft' as Ease and Health retire
 To breezy lawn or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon' whitening spire,†
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
 Ah! what will every dirge avail?
 Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

VII.

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
 Shall scorn thy pale thrine glimm'ring near?
 With him, sweet Bard, may Fancy die,
 And joy desert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn Stream, whose fallen tide
 No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
 Now wait me from the green-hill's side,
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And see the fairy vallies fade,
 Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
 Yet once again, dear parted Shade,
 Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads, assign'd to blest
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
 Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress,
 With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
 O! Vales, and wild Woods, shall he say,
 In yonder grave your Druid lies!

† Richmond Church.

THE SEASONS.

Spring.

The Argument.

THE subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and last on man; concluding with a dissuative from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford! fitted or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time with bill ingulph
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;

But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding Heaven.

Forth fly the tepid Airs, and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost;
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
White through the neighbouring field the sower stalks
With measur'd step, and lib'ral throws the grain 45
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend! 50
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung 55
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes 60
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65

Ye generous Britons! venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,

SPRING.

3

Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain, 70
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Waits all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe, 75
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming power 80
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight. 85

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs;
And swells and deepens to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year, 95
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town, 100
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk; 105
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,

One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye 110
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
 The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe 115
 Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,
 Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.

For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft 120
 Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
 Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
 Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
 The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year. 125

To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff
 And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls:

Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe;
 Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135

Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
 Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with
 That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, [rain,
 In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze, 140
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
 Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent. 145
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining æther; but by swift degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails

SPRING.

5

Along the loaded sky, and mingled deep
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom: 150
 Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope, and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm, that not a breath 155
 Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
 Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute imploring eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off, 165
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once
 Into the general choir. E'en mountains, vales,
 And forests, seem impatient to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170
 And looking lively gratitude. At last
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
 In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world. 175
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
 By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 180
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth,
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.
 Thus all day long the full-distended clouds 185
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life,
 Till in the western sky the downward sun

Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds gay-shifting to his beam. 190
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
 Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert, with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Mean time, refracted from yon' eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion running from the red, 205
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful Newton! the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy show'ry prism,
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd, 210
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but, amaz'd,
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds;
 A soften'd shade, and saturated earth,
 Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day. 220
 Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes,
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
 In silent search, or thro' the forest, rank 225
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way, or climbs the mountain rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.

With such a lib'ral hand has Nature flung
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds, 230
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,
 The moist'ning current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores
 Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man, 235
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years, unlesh'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
 The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
 For their light slumbers gently sum'd away,
 And up they rose as vig'rous as the sun, 245
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the cheerful 'tendance of the flock.
 Mean time the song went round; and dance and sport,
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
 Their hours away; while in the rosy vale 250
 Love breath'd his infant sighs from anguish free,
 And full replete with bliss, save the sweet pain
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
 Nor yet injurious act nor surly deed
 Was known among those happy sons of Heaven, 255
 For reason and benevolence were law.
 Harmonious Nature, too, look'd smiling on.
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful Sun
 Shot his best rays; and still the gracious clouds 260
 Dropp'd fatness down, as o'er the swelling mead.
 The herds and flocks commixing play'd secure.
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
 Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy: 265
 For music held the whole in perfect peace:
 Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round

Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their Golden Age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers 275
Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds: and Reason, half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd, 280
Convulsive Anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding Fear, of feeble fancies full, 285
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
E'en Love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid int'rest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire, 290
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and Grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells,
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
From ever changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm; whence, deeply-rankling, grows
The partial thought, a little's unconcern, 300
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good:
Then dark Disgust, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence:
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless Inhumanity pervades 305
And petrifies the heart. Nature, disturb'd,
Is deem'd vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came ;
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd, 310
With universal burst, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast,
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

The seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows, and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring before
Green'd all the year, and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough. 321
Pure was the temperate air; and even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow nor hurricanes to rage: 325
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightnings forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not relaxing on the springs of life.

But now of turbid elements the sport, 330
From clear to cloudy toss'd, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies, 335
Tho' with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of Art, 'tis copious blest:
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain, 340
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They, too, are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity, 346
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast:

But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep, while from her lap 350
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs
 And fruits as num'rous as the drops of rain,
 Or beams that gave them birth; shall he, fair Form!
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355
 And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed; but you, ye Flocks!
 What have you done? ye peaceful People! what
 To merit death? you, who have given us milk
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360
 Against the Winter's cold? And the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal!
 In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
 Patient, and ever ready, clothes the land
 With all the pomp of harvest, shall he bleed, 365
 And, struggling, groan beneath the cruel hands
 E'en of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
 Would tenderly suggest; but 'tis enough, 370
 In this late age, advent'rous to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage:
 High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375
 Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam, now is the time,
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare;
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds,
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,

Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast,
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair:
Chief should the Western breezes curling play,
And light o'er æther bear the shadowy clouds. 395
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large. 400

Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly, 405
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Strait as above the surface of the flood

They wanton rise, or, urg'd by hunger, leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook; 410
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand, proportion'd to their force.

If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod, 415
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw: but should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.

Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
And oft' attempts to seize it, but as oft'
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear: 425
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death

With sullen plunge: at once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode, 431
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now, 435
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gayly drag your unresisting prize. 439
Thus pass the temperate hours; but when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
E'en shooting listless languor thro' the deeps,
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang 445
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon' spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk, 450
High in the beetling cliff, his airy builds:
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song:
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift 455
Athwart Imagination's vivid eye:
Or, by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream
Confus'd of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460
Soothe every gust of passion into peace,
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.
Behold yon' breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465
Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?

Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows? If Fancy, then, 470
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah! what shall Language do? ah! where find words
 Ting'd with so many colours, and whose power,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, tho' successful, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye Virgins and ye Youths! whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;
 And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song! 480
 Form'd by the Graces, Loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485
 O come! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning dews; and gather, in their prime,
 Fresh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their sweets. 490

See where the winding vale its lavish stores
 Irriguous spreads. See how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank
 In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk 495
 Where the breeze blows from yon' extended field
 Of blossom'd beans: Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy than, lib'ral, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
 Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
 Here their delicious task the servent bees, 505
 In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
 Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,

Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
 And oft' with bolder wing they soaring dare 510
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye 515
 Distracted wanders: now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps;
 Now meets the bending sky; the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
 But why so far excursive? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon' mingled wilderness of flowers, 525
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
 The daisy, primrose; violet, darkly blue;
 And Polyanthus, of unnumber'd dies;
 The yellow wallflower, stain'd with iron brown; 530
 And lavish stock, that scents the garden round:
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemonies! auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
 And full ranunculas, of glowing red. 535
 Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run, and while they break
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks, 540
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting from the bud,
 First born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils, 545
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;

SPRING.

15

Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.

Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,

550

With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of beings! universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!

To Thee I bend the knee: to Thee my thoughts 555

Continual climb, who with a master-hand
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.

By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,

Draw the live æther, and imbibe the dew:

560

By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes.

At thy command the vernal sun awakes

The torpid sap, detruded to the root

565

By wintry winds, that now, in fluent dance

And lively fermentation mounting, spreads

All this innumerable colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world

My theme ascends, with equal wing ascends

570

My panting Muse! and hark! how loud the woods

Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.

Lend me your song, ye Nightingales! oh! pour

The mazy-running soul of Melody

Into my sacred verse! while I deduce,

575

From the first note the hollow cuckow sings;

The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme

Unknown to fame, The passion of the groves.

When first the soul of Love is sent abroad

Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart

580

Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,

In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,

And try again the long-forgotten strain,

At first faint-warbled: but no sooner grows

The soft infusion prevalent and wide,

585

Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows,

In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,

Shrill voic'd and loud, the Messenger of Morn;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 390
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quirlsters that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 595
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
 Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600
 The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
 The mellow bulfinch answers from the grove:
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshing shade 605
 Of new sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous; the jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert, while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610
 'Tis Love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of Love;
 That e'en to birds and beasts the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches: hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love 615
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeav'ring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening, the least approbance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance; then on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach, 625
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts, 630
 That Nature's great command may be obey'd;
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
 Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few;
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests:
 Others apart, far in the grassy dale
 Or roughening waste their humble texture weave: 640
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
 Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes,
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent: and often from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool; and oft', when unobserv'd, 655
 Steal from the barn a straw, till soft and warm,
 Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight, 660
 Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while the sudden flits 665
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,

Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light;
 A helpless family, demanding food 670
 With constant clamour. O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize! away they fly
 Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young, 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. E'en so a gentle pair,
 By Fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
 Oft' as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting Love,
 By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd, 685
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
 And to the simple art. With stealthy wing
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
 Th' unfeeling schoolboy. Hence around the head
 Of wandering swain the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on,
 In long excursion, skims the level lawn 694
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck hence
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen flutters; pious fraud! to lead
 The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man 700
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its bright'ning lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes 705
 Which, clear and vig'rous, warbles from the beech.
 O then, ye Friends of love and love-taught song,

Spare the soft tribes! this barbarous art forbear!
If on your bosom Innocence can win,
Music engage, or Piety persuade. 710

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft' when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715

By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls,
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sighs 720
Her sorrows thro' the night, and on the bough
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe, till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain, and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky.
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
Unlavish'd Wisdom never works in vain.

'Tis on some ev'ning, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735

On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740

Trembling refuse, till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plummy burden, and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground 745
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,

'Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Rous'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost Kilda's * shore, whose lonely race
 Reign the setting sun to Indian worlds, 755
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire:
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire, which in peace 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat
 Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive, there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
 Whose breast with ardour flames as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond
 The finely checker'd duck, before-her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan 775
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock spreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun, 781
 And swims in radiant majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely scene the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785
 While thus the gentle tenants of the shade

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes below rush furious into flame
 And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels: 790
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxurious shoot: or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense:
 And oft', in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk:
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins: 800
 Their eyes flash fury: to the hollowed earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix;
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve, 806
 Nor heeds the rein, nor bears the sounding thong;
 Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away; 810
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains, flies;
 And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes
 Th' exciting gale; then steep-descending cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815
 Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.
 Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep;
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind;
 How, by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825
 The far-resounding waste, in fiercer bands,

And growl their horrid loves : but this the theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the British fair,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun :
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee
 Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race 835
 Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound
 That runs around the hill, the rampart once
 Of iron War, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited Britain ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal broil ; ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads,
 And o'er our labours Liberty and Law
 Impartial watch, the wonder of a world ! 845

What is this mighty Breath, ye Sages ! say,
 That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven, and thro' their breasts
 These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?
 Inspiring God ! who, boundless Spirit all, 850
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
 Seems not to work ; with such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855
 But tho' conceal'd to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears,
 Chief, lovely Spring ! in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The smiling God is seen, while water, earth,
 And air, attest his bounty, which exalts 860
 The brute creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undefining hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' insulative force of Spring on Man ; 865
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie

To raise his being, and serene his soul.
 Can he forbear to join the general smile
 Of Nature? can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove 870
 Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid Sons of Earth,
 Hard and unfeeling of another's woe,
 Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
 But come, ye generous Minds! in whose wide thought,
 Of all his works, creative bounty burns 876
 With warmest beam, and on your open front
 And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest Want; nor till invok'd
 Can restless Goodness wait: your active search 880
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
 Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad! for you the teeming clouds 885
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world,
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head,
 Life flows afresh, and young-ey'd Health exalts 890
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still: 895
 By swift degrees the Love of Nature works,
 And warms the bosom, till at last sublim'd
 To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present Deity, and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world! 900
 These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart, inform'd by Reason's purer ray,
 O Lyttleton, the friend! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley-Park thou strayest,
 Thy British Temple; there along the dale 906

With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthened vista thro' the trees, 910
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts,
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace; the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted, oft'
 You wander thro' the philosophic world, 920
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft', conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time,
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925
 And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party-rage,
 Britannia's weal, how from the venal gulf
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive:
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm, while with sure taste refin'd, 930
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song,
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd: then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love, 935
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth
 In varied converse, softening every theme, 940
 You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy;
 Unutterable happiness! which Love 945
 Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.

Mean time you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around,
 And, snatch'd o'er hill, and dale, and wood, and lawn,
 And verdant field, and dark'ning heath between, 950
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,

And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams;
 Wide stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
 The hospitable Genius lingers still, 955
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills,
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year, 960
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round:
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes

In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves 965
 With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.

From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye Fair! 970

Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;
 Dare not the infectious sigh; the pleading look,
 Downcast, and low, in meek submission dress'd,
 But full of guile; let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975

Gain on your purpos'd will: nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love; 980
 Of the smooth glance beware: for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent softness pours:
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away: while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace,

Th' enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death;
 And still false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

E'en present, in the very lap of Love
 Inglorious laid, while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wines, and wanton hours, 995
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart, where honour still,
 And great design, against the oppressive load
 Of luxury, by sits, impatient heave. 1000

But absent, what fantastic woes arousd
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life!
 Neglected Fortune flies, and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005

'Tis nought but gloom around; the darken'd sun
 Loses his light; the rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping Fancy pines; and yon' bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.

All Nature fades extinct, and she alone 1010
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
 And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue 1015

Th' unfinish'd period falls; while borne away
 On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies.
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair,
 And leaves the semblance of a lover fix'd
 In melancholy site, with head declin'd, 1020

And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
 To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms,
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
 Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk 1025
 Strays, in heart thrilling meditation lost;





Engraved by T. Kirk.

Printed by Charles Cooke, Birmingham. 1801. 4s. 6d. Engraved by J. P. de Meulen.

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Indulging all to love; or on the bank
 Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030
 Nor quits his deep retirement till the moon
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1035
 With softened soul, and woos the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his; or, while the world,
 And all the sons of Care, lie hush'd in sleep,
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear,
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page
 Meant for the moving messenger of love,
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd: but if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies: 1045
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds; till the grey Morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love; and then, perhaps,
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest, 1050
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft' with th' enchantress of his soul he talks,
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or, if retir'd 1055
 To secret winding-flower enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielding hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths, 1060
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt, or shrinks, aghast,
 Back from the bending precipice, or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065
 The farther shore, where, succourless and sad,

She with extended arms his aid implores,
 But strives in vain; borne by the outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070

These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should Jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075

Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy Prospects, then,
 Ye Beds of Roses, and ye Bowers of Joy,
 Farewell! ye Gleamings of departed Peace, 1080
 Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.

Ah, then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes,
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire; 1085

A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul malignant sits,
 And frightens Love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090

Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095

Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours
 Afresh her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love. 1099

Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins,
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart;
 For e'en the sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds 1105
 Thro' flowery tempting paths, or leads a life

Of fever'd rapture or of cruel care,
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.
 But happy they! the happiest of their kind! 1110
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1115
 Attuning all their passions into love,
 Where Friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
 Ineffable; and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence; for nought but love 1121
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days;
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
 Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1130
 Of a mere lifeless, violated form,
 While those whom love cements in holy faith
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all! 1135
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish?
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind or mind-illumin'd face;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Mean time, a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees
 The human blossom blows, and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1145
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.

Then infant Reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy ! ye whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around, 1155
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All-various Nature pressing on the heart :
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love,
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy, and consenting Spring 1165
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads ;
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.



THE SEASONS.

Summer.

The Argument.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Doddington. An Introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groups of herds and flocks. A solemn grove; how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country, which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

FROM bright'ning fields of æther fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way; 5
While from his ardent look the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders through the gloom,
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink 11
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit seat, 15
By mortals seldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite;
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit, 25

In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
 For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
 O, Doddington! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
 Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
 And all their labour'd monuments, away.
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful: Such th' all-perfect Hand!
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night; 45
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
 Till far o'er æther spreads the widening glow;
 And, from before the lustre of her face; 50
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
 Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limpers awkward: while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trip, and often, turning, gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes 60
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;

SUMMER.

33

And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

65

Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?

70

For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,

75

Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?

80

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all,

85

Aflant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!

90

Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

95

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

100

Informer of the planetary train!
 Without whose quick'ning glance their cumbrous orbs
 Were brute unlovely ma's, inert and dead, 106
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
 How many forms of being wait on thee!
 Inhaling spirit! from the unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
 Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn; while, round thy beaming car, 120
 High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
 The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains;
 Of bloom ethereal, the light-footed Dews,
 And, soften'd into joy, the surly Storms. 125
 These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth, 130
 Graceful with hills, and dales, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal tresses, is they force confin'd;
 But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
 Effulgent hence the veiny marble shines; 135
 Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
 Gleams on the day; the noble works of Peace
 Hence blest mankind, and generous Commerce binds
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140
 In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
 The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
 Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,

SUMMER.

35

And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the ruby lights it's deep'ning glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid æther, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct, 150
The purple streaming amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns:
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale, 155

Than the green em'rald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,

In brighter mazes the relucient stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys 165
Wildly through all his melancholy bounds.

Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,

Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,

Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him! 175
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd

From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180

That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,

And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet, was every faltering tongue of Man, 185
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
E'n in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial Thee resound, 190
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds, 200
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands, till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant Heat, disspreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins. 215
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray. 220

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around

The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
 The food of innocence and health? The daw,
 The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks, 225
 That the calm village in their verdant arms
 Sheltering embrace, direct their lazy flight;
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene; 230
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
 Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp, 235
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
 To let the little noisy summer-race
 Live in her lay, and flutter through her song:
 Not mean, though simple; to the sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating fire. 240

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wint'ry storms, or rising from their tombs 245
 To higher life, by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
 They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
 Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed, 255
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young, yet undisclos'd, 260
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;

Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
 They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl, 265
 With pow'rless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap 270
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
 Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
 Passes; as oft the ruffian shows his front:
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
 To him who muses through the woods at noon;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
 Of willows grey, close crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
 Evading e'en the microscopic eye!
 Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
 Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
 Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
 In putrid streams, emits the living cloud
 Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
 Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way, 295
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure
 Within its winding citadel, the stone
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed

SUMMER.

Of evanescent insects. Where the pool 39
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305
 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Though one transparent vacancy it seems, 310
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
 The grosser eye of Man: for, if the worlds
 In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
 As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art! 325
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the man, whose universal eye 329
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things,
 Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings lessening down
 From Infinite Perfection to the brink 335
 Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss!
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
 As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
 The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
 E'en so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose,
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
 Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 E'en stooping age is here: and infant hands
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
 Advancing abroad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly fides. And oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in: 380
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,





Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And panting labour to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till the deep well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd, 395
 Head above head: and, rang'd in lusty rows,
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay drest maids attending round.
 One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace: 405
 Some mingling stir the melted tar; and some,
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
 Others, th' unwilling wether drag along;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robes bereft,
 By needy man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
 What softness in its melancholy face, 415
 What dumb complaining innocence appears!
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420

Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425
The treasures of the sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, e'en now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast; 430
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all 435
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams,
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the soul.
Echo no more returns the chearful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd; 445
And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through th' unshelter'd glade, impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines: 460

SUMMER.

43

Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought;
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unfatisf'd and sick, tosses in noon:

Emblem instructive of the virtuous man, 465
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks! 470

Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various groupe the herds and flocks compose; 485
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
Which incompas'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd; 495
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500

In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
 Through all the bright severity of noon;
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength!
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth,
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
 The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
 Extatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
 Convers'd with angels and immortal forms, 525
 On gracious errands bent; to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For future trials fared to prepare; 530
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His Muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death; 535
 And numberless such offices of love
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540

A sacred terror, a severe delight,
 Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
 Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
 " Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we 544
 " From the same Parent-Power our beings drew;
 " The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 " Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
 " Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 " This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
 " Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 " Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
 " Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 " By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 " Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555
 " Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 " When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 " Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 " And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 " The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade; 560
 " A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
 " On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 " Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
 And art thou, * Stanley, of that sacred band?
 Alas, for us too soon! though rais'd above 565
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe;
 Who seeks thee still in many a former scene; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd; where moral wisdom mildly shone
 Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
 But, O, thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
 Or rather to parental Nature pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 580

Believe the Muse; the wint'ry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in æry vision rapt, 585
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense

Wakes from the charm of thought; swift-shrinking
I check my steps, and view the broken scene. [back,

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all,

In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595

And from the loud-resounding rocks below

Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft

A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.

Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose;

But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600

Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now

Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;

And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,

With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,

It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605

Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow

He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars

With upward pinions through the flood of day;

And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610

Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,

Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,

Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower

Responsive, force an interrupted strain.

The stock-dove only through the forest coos, 615

Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint;

Short interval of weary woe! again

The sad idea of his murder'd mate,

Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes; and then resounds 620
 A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air;
 There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair, moss-lin'd, and over head 625
 By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630
 Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the torrid Zone:
 Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See how at once the bright effulgent sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight, and with ardent blaze
 Looks gayly fierce through all the dazzling air:
 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640

The * general Breeze, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshments on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see each circling year,
 Returning suns and † double seasons pass; 645

Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays;
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills; 650

Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods 654
 Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the e. s. or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange, glowing through the green, 665
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reelin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds 669
 Quench my hot limbs: or lead me through the maze,
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
 Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 673
 Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680
 Low bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Witness, thou best anâna, thou the pride 685
 Of vegetable life, beyond what'er

The poets imag'd in the golden age!
 Quick let me strip thee of thy rusty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense 690
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden pride, 695

Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant spring; for oft these vallies shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

Along these lonely regions, where, retir'd
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds, that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas;
On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side, 710
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:

He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
Or mid the central depths of blackening woods,
High-raisd in solemn theatre around, 720
Leans the huge elephant, wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he 725
Of what the never-resting race of Men

Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their itare,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert, 730
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 736
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in * song. 740
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
 Through the soft silence of the listening night, 745
 The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky;
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb 750
 The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
 Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
 Thou art no ruffian, who, beneath the mask
 Of social commerce, com'st to rob their wealth;
 No holy Fury thou, blaspheming Heaven, 755
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
 And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
 Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
 From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers; 760
 From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay;
 Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765
 For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields; 770
 And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray; a world within itself,

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775
 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind: 780
 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 785
 Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 795
 Around the cold ærial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
 Till, in the furious elemental war 800
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810
 That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;

And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along : 815
 Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn, 820
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract 824
 Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
 Fall on Cor'mandel's coast, or Malabar ;
 From * Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower ;
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
 And pour untailing harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish'd moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives 835
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
 The mighty † Orellana. Scarce the Muse 840
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like Plata ; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
 In silent dignity they sweep along,
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitless deserts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850

* The river that runs through Siam ; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects, called fire-flies, make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

O'er peopled plains they fair diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
 By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
 And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth? 860
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
 This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds, 864
 What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
 Their forests yield? their toiling insects, what
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
 Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines,
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
 Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace, 875
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
 The god-like wisdom of the temper'd breast;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers 879
 Command the world; the Light that leads to Heaven;
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
 And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man:
 These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize; 885
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature grots: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there, 890

The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity; these court the beam
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895
 There lost. The very brute creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which e'en imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds; and while, with threatening tongue,
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
 This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915
 His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufty isles
 That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, 925
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930

They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. Th' awakened village starts,
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant-fang escap'd, 935
 The wretch half wishes for his bonds again;
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone 940

Amid this world of death. Day after day
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below,
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round æther mixes with the wave, 945
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds:

At evening, to the setting sun he turns

A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless, while the wonted roar is up,
 And his continual thro' the tedious night. 950

Yet here, e'en here, into these black abodes
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
 And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,

Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds,
 Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955

And all the green delights Ausonia pours,
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
 Commission'd demons oft', angels of wrath, 960

Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide-glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites

With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965
 Son of the desert! e'en the camel feels,

Shot thro' his withered heart, the fiery blast.

Or from the black-red æther, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play: 970

Nearer and nearer still they darkening come,
 Till with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise,
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
 Obeys the blast, the ærial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line, that girts the globe,
 The circling Typhon *, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
 And dire Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck †
 Compreis'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells,
 Of no regard save to the skilful eye:

Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force: a faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon tends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail; then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
 Of roaring winds, and flames, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.

Art is too slow; by rapid Fate oppress'd,
 His broad wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black aby's. 1000
 With such mad seas the daring Gama ‡ fought
 For many a day and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant lab'ring round the stormy Cape,
 By bold Ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold: for then from ancient gloom emerg'd 1005
 The rising world of Trade; the Genius then
 Of Navigation, that in hopelet's sloth

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the *Ox-eye*, being, in appearance, at first, no bigger.

‡ Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
 For idle Ages, starting, heard, at last,
 The Lusitanian Prince *, who, Heaven-inspir'd, 1010
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent 1015
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along,
 And from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
 Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
 The stormy Fates descend: one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves; when straight their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1031
 In vapours rank and blue, corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. 1035
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man:
 Such as, of late, at Carthagea quench'd 1040
 The British fire. You, gallant Vernon! saw
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,

* Don Henry, third son to John I. king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye, 1045
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
 Heard nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves
 The frequent corse, while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
 Silent, to ask whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods, † 1055
 From stilled Cæsar's filth, and fetid fields,
 With locust armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape: man is her destin'd prey.
 Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes 1060
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death,
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze, and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom, then, 1065
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
 Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of Joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world:
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad: 1070
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
 The cheerful haunt of men; unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house where matchless Horror reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose, and, loud to heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society.
 Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.

† These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in
 Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

But vain their selfish care; the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing, while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields;
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year;
 Fir'd by the torch of Noon to tenfold rage, 1095
 The infuriate hill, that shoots the pillar'd flame;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulf. 1100
 But 'tis enough: return, my vagrant Muse;
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold! slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
 Unusual darkness broods, and, growing, gains
 The full possession of the sky, furcharg'd 1105
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds
 Where sleep the mineral generations drawn.
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame 1110
 Pollute the sky; and in yon' baleful cloud
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment, till by the touch ethereal rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns
 Dread thro' the dun expanse, save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120
 Prone to the lowest vale the aerial tribes
 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce

Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook, 1125
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
 'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud, 1130
 And following flower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds; till over-head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze: 1140
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds 1145
 Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro',
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1149
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In fancy's eye, and there the frowning bull, 1155
 And ox halt-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud 1161
 The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,

Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak, 1165
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
 Far seen the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
 And Thulé bellows thro' her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought;
 And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
 Descends the fatal flash. Young Celadon
 And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone;
 Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd; but such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of Innocence and undissembling Truth.
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish, 1180
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self,
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
 So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled; till, in evil hour, 1190
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
 While with each other blest, creative Love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd 1195
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft' a look
 Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence 1199
 In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look

On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
 "Sweet Innocence! thou stranger to offence, 1205
 "And inward storm! He who yon' skies involves
 "In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 "With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 "That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 "Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice 1210
 "Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 "With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 "'Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
 "To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
 Mysterious Heaven! that moment to the ground, 1215
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover as he stood
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
 So, faint resemblance! on the marbled tomb 1220
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
 Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands 1225
 A purer azure. Thro' the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230
 Invests the fields, and Nature smiles, reviv'd.
 'Tis Beauty all and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man, 1235
 Most favour'd, who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd, 1240
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands, 1245
 Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below,
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge, and thro' the obedient wave, 1250
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, in easy-winding path,
 While from his polish'd sides a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. 1255

This is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer heats;
 Nor, when cold Winter keens the bright'ning flood,
 Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the brink.
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft' preserv'd, 1260
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
 Knit into force; and the same Roman arm
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265
 E'en from the body's purity the mind
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
 Where, winded into pleasing solitudes,
 Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat, 1270
 Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs:
 There to the stream, that down the distant rocks
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze, that play'd
 Among the bending willows, falsely he
 Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd. 1275
 She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd, save when it stole
 In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
 He fram'd a melting lay to try her heart,

And if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft' decides the fate 1285
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine:
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe 1290
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire;
But Love forbade. Ye Prudes, in virtue say,
Say, ye Severest, what would you have done?
Mean time this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1305
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou, as from the snowy leg
And slender foot th' inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone,
And thro' the parting robe th' alternate breast, 1310
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood 1320
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd,
And every beauty softening, every grace

Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed ;
 As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild,
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill-conceal'd, and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent Damon drew 1330
 Such madd'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
 By Love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
 Can e'er be deem'd ; and, struggling, from the shade
 With headlong hurry fled : but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw. " Bathe on, my Fair !
 " Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye 1340
 " Of faithful love. I go to guard thy haunt,
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood : 1345
 So stands the statue * that enchants the world ;
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful Eden knew not ; and array'd 1350
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd :
 But when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd : shame, void of guilt, 1355
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted ; e'en a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length a tender calm 1360
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul,

* The Venus of Medici.

And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy : 1365
" Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean,
" By fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
" Alas ! not favour'd less, be still, as now,
" Discreet : the time may come you need not fly."

The sun has lost his rage ; his downward orb 1370
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
And vital lustre ; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy ! Broad below, 1375
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes, for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380
With Nature, there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy union of soul,
To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1385
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms, whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light,
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue the sons of Interest deem romance, 1390
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day ;
Now to the verdant portico of woods,
To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk ;
By that kind school where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the fire
Of Love, approving, hears, and calls it Good.
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course ? 1400
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chafe ?

All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
 Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend, 1405
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene? * Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send;
 Now to the Sister-hills † that skirt her plain; 1410
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows: 1415
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
 Luxurious, there rove thro' pendent woods,
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd, 1420
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1425
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing God ‡; to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole, 1430
 From courts and senates, Pelham finds repose.
 Enchanting vale! beyond what'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
 O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
 On which the power of Cultivation lies, 1435
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,

* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon *shining* or *splendour*.

† Highgate and Hampstead.

‡ In his last sickness.

And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays! 1440
 Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
 Walks unconfin'd, e'en to thy farthest cots,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime; 1445
 Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy vallies float
 With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless; while roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450
 Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,
 And Property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil. 1455

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art,
 And Trade and Joy in every busy street
 Mingling are heard: e'en Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield, 1460
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
 Relinquishes the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go, and first
 Or on the list'd plain or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories, too, as o'er the plans 1470
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
 In genius and substantial learning high;
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd, 1475
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim Oppression groan,
 Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,

In whom the splendour of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
 Combine; whose hallowed name the Virtues saint,
 And his own Muses love; the best of kings!
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine;
 Names dear to Fame! the first who deep-impres'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485
 That awes her Genius still. In statesmen thou,
 And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
 Who, with a generous, tho' mistaken, zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's direful rage;
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just, 1490
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
 A Drake, who made thee Mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495
 Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd:
 Raleigh! the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd: 1500
 Nor sunk his vigour when a coward reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past, 1505
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world,
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious or so base as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass, 1510
 The plume of War! with early laurels crown'd,
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 A Hampden, too, is thine, illustrious Land!
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age, 1515
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd,

Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1530
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where Ruffel lies, whose temper'd blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign,
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk 1535
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the British Cassius*, fearless bled,
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1540
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards,
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1545
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm, but pliant, virtue, forward still
 To urge his course; him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul 1550
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who, from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words, and forms, 1555
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of Heaven! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
 The generous Ashley† thine, the friend of man,
 Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye. 1560
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the mortal beauty charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search 1565
 Amid the dark recesses of his works

* Algernon Sidney.

† Anthony-Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke?
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let Newton, pure intelligence! whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works;
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
 A genius universal as his theme,
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,
 Who like a copious river pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften as thy Daughters I,
 Britannia! hail; for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance and taste; the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of Harmony; the cheek
 Where the live-crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
 The look resistless piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when, drest in love,
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,

Of distant nations, whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land
In bright patrol: while Peace and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent 1605
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
Courage, compos'd and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front superior shines
That first paternal Virtue, Public Zeal, 1615
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours, glorious, with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds, 1620
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite and her tending nymphs, 1625
(So Grecian fable sung,) he dips his orb;
Now half immers'd, and now a golden curve,
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void, 1630
As fleets the vision o'er the formal brain,
This moment hurrying wild the impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank;
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,

Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping family of modest worth:
 But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew,
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All æther soft'ning, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air,
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on earth, then that of deeper dye 1650
 Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn, 1655
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of Nature nought disdains; thoughtful to feed 1660
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail; 1665
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
 Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass o'er many a panting height, 1670
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented, where
 At fall of eve the Fairy people throng,
 In various game and revelry, to pass
 The summer-night, as village-stories tell:
 But far about they wander from the grave 1675
 Of him whom his ungente fortune urg'd

Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious Violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd, whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 1680

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem, and thro' the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd 1685

In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye,
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd 1690
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven

Thence weary Vision turns, where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise, 1695
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns the fairest lamp of night.

As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky, or horizontal dart 1700

In wondrous shapes, by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-insufing suns of other worlds,
Lo! from the dread immensity of space 1705

Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends,
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above 1710

Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,

SUMMER.

73

That wondrous force of thought, which, mounting,
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky; [spurns
 While from his far excursion thro' the wilds
 Of barren æther, faithful to his time, 1730
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love;
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs 1735
 Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene Philosophy! with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song, 1730
 Effusive source of evidence and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer-noon, and pure as that
 Whole mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day. 1735
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mals of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions or th' abyss,
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd;
 The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects to him, 1745
 The world-producing Essence, who alone
 Possesses being; while the last receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense 1750
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exhorts
 Her voice to ages, and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die, the treasure of mankind! 1755
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
 A savage, roaming thro' the woods and wilds
 In quest of prey, and with the unfashion'd fur
 Rough-clad, devoid of every finer art 1760
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765
 Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line, or dares the wintry pole!
 Mother severe of infinite delights!
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse; but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace:
 To live like brothers, and, conjunctive all, 1775
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
 The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780
 Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range, intent to gaze
 Creation thro', and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785
 Of the sole Being right, who spoke the word,
 And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward view
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye, and instant, at her powerful glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear, 1790
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train;
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth,
 And notion quite abstract, where first begins 1795
 The world of spirits, action all, and life

Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills eternal Providence, sits deep :
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits, 1800
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.



THE SEASONS.

Autumn.

The Argument.

THE subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry, rais'd by that view. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A harvest-storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs frequent in the latter part of Autumn; whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western Isles of Scotland; hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning; to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
 While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
 Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
 Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
 Nitrous prepar'd, the various-blossom'd Spring
 Put in white promise forth, and Summer: suns
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
 Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
 Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
 A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
 The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow,
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
 Devolving through the maze of eloquence
 A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
 But she, too, pants for public virtue; she,
 Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
 When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
 From heaven's high cope the fierce enalgence shook

Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft' thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm, while broad and brown, below, 30
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky,
 The clouds fly different, and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black, by fits, the shadows sweep along:
 A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
 And all the soft civility of life:
 Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite, but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast
 Slept th' lethargic powers; Corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
 Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year;
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey, or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar: a shivering wretch!
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak North, 60
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost;
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
 And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away:
 For home he had not; home is the resort 65

Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 E'en desolate in crowds; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along!
 A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
 His faculties unfolded, pointed out
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent and the gather'd blast; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
 Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent Wit;
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity, 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high Ambition thro' his soul,
 Set Science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the Lord of all below. 95
 Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd a public, to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented Whole; 100
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
 Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd 105

That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew num'rous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the City rear'd,
In beauteous pride, her tower-encircled head,
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong straining, her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built,
Rais'd the strong crane, chok'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty, and thy stream, O Thames!
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wint'ry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the footy hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent Toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too, the pillar'd dome magnific heav'd
Its ample roof, and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming Art, imagination-flush'd.

All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
The excluded tempest idly rave along;

His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
 Without him Summer were an arid waste,
 Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day,
 Before the ripened field the reapers stand
 In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate, 155
 By nameless gentle offices, her toil.

At once they stoop and swell the lustrous sheaves,
 While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
 And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,
 And, conscious, glancing oft' on every side
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, Husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
 How good the God of Harvest is to you, 170
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,

While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heav'n,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of Fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth:
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven, 180
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185

Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of twains
Palemon was! the generous, and the rich!
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with Autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225

To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick,
 With unaffected blushes, from his gaze.
 He saw her charming; but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field; 235
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

“What pity! that so delicate a form,
 “By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense,
 “And more than vulgar Goodness, seem to dwell,
 “Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 “Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 “Of old Acasto's line, and to my mind
 “Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 “From whom my liberal fortune took its rise,
 “Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
 “And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd. 246
 “'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 “Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 “Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 “His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 “Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 “Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!”

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto, who can speak 255
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold:
 And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once. 260
 Contus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.
 “And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains? 265

" She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 " So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
 " The soften'd image of my noble friend;
 " Alive his every look, his every feature,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring, 270
 " Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 " That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 " In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
 " The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven!
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair, 275
 " Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 " Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
 " O let me now into a richer soil
 " Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence, 280
 " And of my garden be the pride and joy!
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick 285
 " The very refuse of those harvest fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task:
 " The fields, the master, all, my Fair! are thine, 290
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate:
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam

Of setting life shone on her evening hours ; 305
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

Defeating oft' the labours of the year,
 The sultry South collects a potent blast.
 At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn : 315

But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world :
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves ;
 High beat, the circling mountains eddy in
 From the bare wild the dissipated storm,
 And send 'it in a torrent down the vale.

Expos'd and naked to its utmost rage, 325
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide, nor can evade,
 Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force,
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff

Shook waste : and sometimes, too, a burst of rain, 330
 Swept from the black horizon, broad descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over-head

The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens, till the fields around
 Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave. 335

Sudden the ditches swell, the meadows swim.
 Red from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
 The river lift, before whose rushing tide
 Herds, flocks and harvests, cottages and swains ; 340
 Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes
 And well earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
 Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck 345

Driving along; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of claimant children dear. Ye Masters! then 350
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
 And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board 355
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle and your sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game;
 How in his mid-career the spaniel, struck
 Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey.
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye,
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more.
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
 Glanc'd just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions, and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground; or drives them wide dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song, 380
 Then most delighted when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her
 This falsely cheerful barbarous game of death;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385

Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by Necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man, 390
 Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes! our wanton rage;
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd; the rushy fen, the ragged furze;
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath, the stubble chapt;
 The thistly lawn, the thick-entangled broom; 405
 Of the same friendly hue the wither'd fern;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook:
 Vain is her best precaution, tho' she sits 410
 Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in,
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep, 415
 In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm:
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of Game is up at once: 420
 The pack full opening, various; the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy, 425

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight. 430

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen air'd mountains by the North
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades, 435
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood;

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
 Hot steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440

He sweeps the forest oft', and, sobbing, sees
 The glades mild opening to the golden day,
 Where in kind contest with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 Oft' in the full descending flood he tries 445

To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
 Oft' seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do? his once so-vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
 Inspire the course, but fainting, breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay,
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.

The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish, while the growling pack, 455
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutring chest,
 And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chase, behold, despising flight, 460
 The rous'd-up lion, resolute and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe 465

Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die;
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not. Give, ye Britons! then,
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 471

Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;
 Him from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.

Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge 475

High-bound resistless; nor the deep morass

Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness

Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood

Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;

And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480

Your triumph sound sonorous, running round

From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost;

Then scale the mountains to their woody tops,

Rush down the dangerous steep, and o'er the lawn,

In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485

Pour all your speed into the rapid game;

For happy he who tops the wheeling chase,

Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile

Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;

Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490

Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths

Relentless torn: O, glorious he, beyond

His daring peers! when the retreating horn

Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,

With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur, 495

Depending decent from the roof, and, spread

Round the drear walls, with antique figures fierce,

The stag's large front; he then is loudest heard,

When the night staggers with severer toils,

With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500

And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide:

The tankards foam; and the strong table groans

Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense

From side to side, in which, with desperate knife, 505

They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
 While hence they borrow vigour; or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 Relating all the glories of the chase.
 Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round,
 A potent gale, delicious as the breath 515
 Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdes,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520
 Of thirty years; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 E'en with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idleneffes laid 530
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle, and set ardent in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart; but earnest brimming bowls 535
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, bounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost, 540
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart:
 That moment touch'd is ev'ry kindred soul, 545

And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse, go round,
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
 Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550

The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls,
 So, gradual, sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word,

Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
 Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance, 555

Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.

Then sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,

Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,

As if the table e'en itself was drunk,

Lie a wet broken scene: and wide below 560

Is heap'd the social slaughter; where astride

The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,

Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,

And sleeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.

Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565

Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,

Outlives them all, and from his bury'd flock

Retiring, full of rumination sad,

Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570

Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy

E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.

Far be the spirit of the chase from them!

Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;

To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed; 575

The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,

In which they roughen to the sense, and all

The winning softness of their sex is lost.

In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;

With every motion, every word, to wave 580

Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush,

And from the smallest violence to shrink

Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;

And by this silent adulation, soft,

To their protection more engaging man. 585

O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
 Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress! 590
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race 600
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give society its highest taste;
 Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art 605
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:
 This be the female dignity and praise!

Ye Swains! now hasten to the hazel bank,
 Where down yon' dale the wildly winding brook 610
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub,
 Ye Virgins! come: for you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade, 615
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree,
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk;
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair; 620
 Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error let us tread the maze 625

Of Autumn unconfin'd, and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.

A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,
 Of temper'd sun and water, earth and air,
 In ever-changing composition mixt. 635

Such falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.

A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640

Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:

Thy native theme, and boon inspirer, too,

Phillips! Pomona's bard; the second thou

Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 645

With British freedom, sing the British song;

How, from Silurian vats high sparkling wines

Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer

The wint'ry revels of the labouring hind;

And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 650

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams

The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day,

Oh lose me in the green delightful walks

Of, Doddington! thy seat, serene and plain,

Where simple Nature reigns, and every view, 655

Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs

In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood,

Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!

Mean-time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,

Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 660

New beauties rise with each revolving day,

New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds

New plants to quicken and new groves to green.

Full of thy genius all, the Muses' seat,

Where in the secret bower and winding walk, 665

AUTUMN.

95

For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay;
Here wand'ring oft', fir'd with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze, and meditate the Book
Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence, 670
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn hasks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought,
Presents the downy peach, the shining plum; 675
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and, dark
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs out her clusters glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent,
Where, by the potent sun elated, high
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day,
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks, 686
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs: the clusters clear,
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while Perfection breathes 690
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull the Autumnal prime, 695
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats
And foams unbounded with the mazy flood,
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy; 700
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaign.
Now, by the cool declining year condens'd, 705

Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view
 With great variety; but, in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
 Sinks dark and dreary: thence expanding far, 715
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
 Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
 Sullen and slow to roll the misty wave.
 E'en in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray; 720
 Whence glaring oft', with many a broaden'd orb
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
 Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantic: till at last, 725
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world, and, mingling thick,
 A formless grey confusion covers all.
 As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard) 730
 Light uncollected thro' the chaos urg'd
 Its infant way, nor Order yet had drawn
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
 To smoke along the hilly country, these, 735
 With weighty rains and melted Alpine snows,
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740
 Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,
 Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise,
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745

They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten as they soak along:
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Tho' oft' amidst th' irriguous vale it springs,
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main it boils again
 Fresh into day, and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream! why should the waters love 755
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet vallies offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet and a nearer bed?
 Or if, by blind Ambition led astray,
 They must aspire, why should they sudden stop 760
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand, that charm'd their course so long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choke 765
 Their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
 Old Ocean, too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again. 770
 Say, then, where lurk the vast eternal springs
 That, like Creating Nature, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes?
 O thou pervading Genius! given to Man 775
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyfs,
 O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view:
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load,
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus, pouring many a stream.
 O, from the sounding summits of the North, 785

The Dofrine hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
 From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Rufs 799
 Believes the stony girdle* of the world;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods,
 O sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base, 795
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending Mountains of the Moon! † 800
 O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
 Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose; 803
 I see the rivers in their infant beds!
 Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
 Strow'd bibulous above, I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts,
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst,

* The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains *Veliki Garunpoy*, that is,
 The great stony girdle, because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.
 † A range of mountains in Africa, that surpased almost all Menometapa.

And, swelling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 815
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that, to rain condens'd,
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them o'er the far-divided earth 830
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play 835
 The swallow people, and, tofs'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
 The feather'd eddy floats, rejoicing once
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire.
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank, 840
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back; for, thronging, now 845
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850
 The stork-assembly meets, for many a day
 Consulting deep and various ere they take
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky:
 And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings, 855
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
 The figur'd flight ascends, and, riding high
 The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls, 860
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thulé, and the Atlantic furge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;

Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made? what nations come and go? 865
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude resounding shore, are one wild cry.

Here the plain, harmless native his small flock,
 And herd diminutive, of many hues, 870

Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875
 Of Luxury: and here a while the Muse,

High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees Caledonia in romantic view:

Her airy mountains, from the waving main
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880

Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of war'ry wealth
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales; 885
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood

Wash'd lovely from the Tweed, (pure parent-stream,
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
 With, sylvan Jed! thy tributary brook,)

To where the north inflated tempest foams 890
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:

Nurse of a people, in Misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
 By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race, 895
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave,

Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard
 (As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
 Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)

To hold a generous undiminish'd state; 900
 Too much, in vain! hence of unequal bounds

Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life

Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil; 903
 As from their own clear North, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

Oh! is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd;
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected Industry? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain,
 And teach the labouring hind the sweets of toil?
 How by the finest art the native robe 915
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms 920
 That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
 How all-enlivening Trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail from every growing port,
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
 And thus in soul united as in name, 925
 Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep!

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle!
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye; 930
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
 Of sulph'rous War, on Teniers' dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of Peace inwreathes thy brow;
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
 While mixt in thee, combine the charm of youth, 940
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, Forbes! too, whom every worth attends,
 As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind;

Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts, 945
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950
 Of every hue, from wan-declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the Season in its latest view.

Mean time, light-shadowing all, a sober calm 955
 Fleeces unbounded æther, whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current; while illumin'd wide,
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And thro' their lucid veil his softened force 960
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degen'rate crowd,
 And soar above this little scene of things;
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet, 965
 To soothe the throbbing Passions into peace,
 And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
 Oft' let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil. 970
 Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
 Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse;
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late 975
 Swell'd all the music of the charming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,

Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey;
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground! 985

The pale-descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft' startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 990

But should a quicker breeze among the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams,
Till, chok'd and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd wattle, and whistle bleak. 995
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields,
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign: e'en what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree,
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild-dejected air, 1005
The softened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes,
Inflames imagination, thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness, and far 1010
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015
As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
To rapture and divine astonishment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief
Of human race, the large ambitious wish
To make them blest: the sigh for suffering Worth 1020
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve:
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,

Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
 Th' awakened throb for virtue and for fame;
 The sympathies of love and friendship dear,
 With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me, then, to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves and visionary vales,
 To weeping grottos and prophetic glooms,
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep, along,
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers!
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat

Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land
 In countless numbers blest Britannia sees,

O lead me to the wide extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of Stowe!

Not Persian Cyrus, on Ionia's shore,
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art

By Genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious Art, that in the strife

All beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O Pitt! thy country's early boast,

There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,
 Or in that temple † where, in future times,

Thou well shall merit a distinguish'd name;
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles

Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,

The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land,

Will, from thy standard taste, refine her own,
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth

Of Nature, or the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.

Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
 Shall draw the Tragic scene, instruct her thou,

To mark the varied movements of the heart,

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

† The temple of Virtue in Stowe-Garden.

What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks : O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds
 Th' attentive Senate, charms, persuades, exalts ; 1065
 Of honest Zeal th' indignant light'ning throws,
 And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes :
 What pity, Cobham ! thou thy verdant files 1070
 Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long embattled hosts ! when the proud foe,
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war ; 1075
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The British youth would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.
 The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day, 1080
 And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
 Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube descries, 1091
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100
 But, when half blotted from the sky, her light,

Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn,
 With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven,
 Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white, 1105
 Oft, in this season, silent from the North
 A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110
 And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
 All æther coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 The appearance throws: armies in meet array, 1115
 Throng'd with aerial spears and steeds of fire,
 Till the long lines of full-extended war,
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the palms of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120
 On all sides swell the superstitious din,
 Incontinent, and busy Frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle, cities overturn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame; 1125
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
 The unalterable hour: e'en Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130
 Not so the man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance, beautiful and new. 1135

Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies; all Beauty void;
 Distinction lost; and gay Variety 1140
 One universal blot: such the fair power

Of Light to kindle and create the whole.
 Dear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge; 1145
 Nor visited by one directive ray
 From cottage streaming or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue
 The wildfire scatters round, or, gathered, trails 1150
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss,
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf;
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife 1155
 And plaintive children his return await,
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
 Sent by the better Genius of the Night,
 Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane
 The meteor sits, and shews the narrow path 1160
 That, winding, leads thro' pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthened night-elaps'd, the morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last Autumnal day. 1165
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
 And, hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
 Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit 1170
 Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur, while, not dreaming ill,
 The happy people in their waxen cells
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes 1175
 Of temperance, for Winter poor, rejoic'd
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends,
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes, 1180
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.

And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
 Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd,
 Ceaseless, the burning Summer-heats away?
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste, 1185
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
 O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food 1190
 Can you not borrow, and, in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day?
 See where the stony bottom of their town 1195
 Looks desolate and wild, with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late, Palermo! was thy fate,) is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame. 1205
 Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high,
 Infinite splendour! wide investing all.
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd,
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all 1215
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up,
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd:
 While loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of Mirth, 1220
 Shook to the wind their cares, The toil-strung youth,

By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leads wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225
 Darts not unmeaning looks, and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age, too, shines out, and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil 1231
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd, 1235
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate
 Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe, 1240
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life 1245
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table leaps
 With luxury and death? what tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice? nor sunk in beds,
 Oft', of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state? 1250
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd 1255
 To disappointment and fallacious hope:
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits, whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
 Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies 1261

Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap;
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear. 1270
 Here, too, dwells simple Truth, plain Innocence,
 Un sullied Beauty, sound unbroken Youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health ever blooming, unambitious Toil,
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease. 1275

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek,
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let this thro' cities work his eager way, 1285
 By regal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct, and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery; let these
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right;
 An iron race! and those of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight,
 Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state:
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states, 1301

AUTUMN.

111

Move not the man who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year; 1305
 Admiring sees her in her every shape,
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart,
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys, and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave, 1315
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse of these,
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung,
 Or what she dictates writes; and oft', an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throes, and thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
 E'en Winter wild to him is full of bliss: 1325
 The mighty tempest and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
 Pours every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for Wisdom. With swift wing
 O'er land and sea Imagination roams;
 Or Truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers; 1335
 Or in his breast heroic Virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340
 And emulous to please him, calling forth

The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still and smiling kind. 1345
 'This is the life which those who fret in guilt
 And guilty cities never knew; the life
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!
 Oh, Nature! all sufficient! over all! 1350
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
 Snatch me to heaven! thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
 Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan: thro' the disclosing deep 1356
 Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
 Thrust, blooming, thence, the vegetable world;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals; and, higher still, the mind, 1360
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift:
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye,
 A search the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
 But if to that unequal, if the blood, 1365
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That best ambition, under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
 Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song;
 And let me never, never stray from Thee! 1371



THE SEASONS.

Winter.

The Argument.

THE subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter-evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

SEE, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred Glooms! 5
Congenial Horrors, hail! with frequent foot
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain, 10
Trode the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure,
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst,
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the South 15
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her Song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year;
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle pinions borne, 20
Attempted thro' the Summer blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the Wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar,
To swell her note with all the rushing winds, 25
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods,
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear

With bold description and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
And how to make a mighty people thrive;
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and, burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
A steady spirit, regularly free:
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
In to the patriot; these the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what Envy dares not flattery call. 40
Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
An fierce Aquarius stains the inverted year,
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heav'n, the sun
Scarce spreads thro' æther the dejected day. 45
Faint are his gleams; and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air, as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky,
And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 50
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd, while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Mean-time in sable-cincture shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom, oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun-discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,

And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the Father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains, obscure,
Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul,
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain 76
Lies a brown deluge, as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven 80
Each to his home retire, save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls, 85
Or ruminat in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far,
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads, 100
Calm, sluggish, silent; till, again constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand 106
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!

With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
 That sees astonish'd, and astonish'd sings. 110
 Ye too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful Beings! say,
 Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115
 In what far-distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?
 When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd, red fiery streaks 120
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,
 Black, in the leaden-colour'd East, the Moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
 Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray,
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies plays the wither'd leaf, 130
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
 With broaden'd nostrils, to the sky up-turn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 E'en as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land. 145
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide

And blind commotion heaves ; while from the shore,
Ate into caverns, by the restless wave, 130
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice
That, solemn sounding, bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main 135
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night, that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn : 140
Mean-time the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchored navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds, across the howling waste 145
Of mighty waters : now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head :
Emerging thence again, before the breath 150
Of full exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts, if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns : 155
The mountain-thunders, and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 160
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain,
Dash'd down and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 165
The whirling tempest raves along the plain,
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.

Sleep frightened flies, and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthened air
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, uttered by the demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge Up roar lords it wide. The clouds, commix'd
 With stars swift gliding, sweep along the sky. 196
 All Nature reels: till Nature's King, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200
 Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
 And Contemplation, her sedate compeer;
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying Vanities of life!
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train! 210
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of Light and Life! thou Good Supreme!
 O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests rise; and, fuming dun
 From all the livid East, or piercing North,
 Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb 225
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
 And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.

Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes 230
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white:
 'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the West emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats, then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is!
 Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs 255
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks, 260
 Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
 Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.
 Now, Shepherds! to your helpless charge be kind;
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 266
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict; for from the bellowing East,

In this dire season, oft' the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270
 At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest 'whelms, till, upward urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275
 As thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darkened air,
 In his own loose revolving fields the swain
 Disaster'd stands, sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes, 280
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
 Impatient bounding thro' the drifted heaps, 285
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
 What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
 When for the dusky spot, which Fancy feign'd 290
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode of Man;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
 Renders the savage wilderneis more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
 Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land unknown,
 What water of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks 305
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots





THOMSON

Lays him along the snows, a distant coast,
Stretched out & bleaching in the northern blast.

The Winter Poem, line 1012.

WINTER.

121

Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
 In vain for him the officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense,
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse, 320
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; 325
 Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain:
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame! how many bleed, 330
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man!
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
 Of misery! sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless Poverty! how many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind, 340
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the Tragic Muse!
 E'en in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345
 In deep retir'd distress! how many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish! Thought fond man

Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
 That one incessant struggle render life, 350
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ; 355
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous band *
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ? 361
 Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans,
 Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice.
 While in the land of Liberty, the land 365
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open Freedom, little tyrants rag'd,
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth,
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed,
 E'en robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ; 370
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes,
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd or bled. 375
 O great design ! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of Mercy ! yet resume the search,
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod, 380
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law (what dark insidious men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
 And lengthen simple justice into trade,)
 How glorious were the day that saw these broke !
 And every man within the reach of right.

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1739.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390
 And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands,
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
 Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend, 395
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.

Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast;
 The Godlike face of Man avails him nought.
 E'en Beauty, force divinest at whose bright glance
 The gen'rous lion stands in soften'd gaze, 406
 Here bleeds a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrowded body from the grave, o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where, embrac'd
 In peaceful vales, the happy Grisons dwell, 415
 Oft', rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
 From steep to steep, loud thundering, down they come,
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all,
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin 'whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
 Between the groaning forest and the shore

Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene,
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join 430
 To cheer the gloom. There, studious, let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead;
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume, and, deep musing, hail
 The sacred shades that, slowly rising, pass
 Before my wandering eyes. First Socrates,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
 That voice of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life or death;
 Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind! 445
 Solon the next, who built his commonweal
 On Equity's wide base; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequall'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece and human-kind.
 Lycurgus, then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm devoted Chief*, who prov'd, by deeds,
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front,
 Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice 460
 Of Freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
 Who, e'en his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's † fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray, appears 465
 Cimon, sweet-soul'd, whose genius, rising strong,

* Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art;
 Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair, †
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He, too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of fordid lees behind, 480
 Phocion the Good, in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind. 485
 And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt
 To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
 E'en Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achaian heroes close the train; 490
 Aratus, who awhile relum'd the soul
 Of fondly lingering Liberty in Greece;
 And he her darling, as her latest hope,
 The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain,
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
 Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
 A race of heroes, in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd.
 Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons.
 Servius the King, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the vast Republic spread. 505

† Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Then the great Consuls venerable rise.
 The public Father * who the private quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes. 510
 Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold!
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
 Thy willing victim †, Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid Faith 515
 Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire command.
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
 With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd. 520
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
 And thou, unhappy Brutus! kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful Virtue urg'd, 525
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand: but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?
 Behold who yonder comes! in sober state, 530
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun—
 'Tis Phœbus self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
 Great Homer, too, appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and equal by his side
 The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame. 536
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew the impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene;
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
 First of your kind! society divine! 541
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my searing soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend, 550
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart?
 For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond! thou the darling pride,
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng; 556
 Ah, why, dear Youth! in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame
 Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
 Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band
 Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name? 565
 What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
 Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade, with softest light, thy virtues smile?
 Ah! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits, 570
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
 With them would search if Nature's boundless frame
 Was call'd, late rising from the void of night, 576
 Or sprung eternal from the eternal Mind,
 Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds, 580
 And each diffusive harmony unite
 In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
 Then would we try to scan the moral world,
 Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on

In higher order, fitted and impell'd 585
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage Historic Muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time;
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile, 590
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns,
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
The portion of divinity, that ray 595
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul,
Then, e'en superior to ambition, we 600
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life; or, snatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity.
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
Of frolic Fancy, and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself, 615
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
Mean time the village rouses up the fire,
While well-attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;

The kiss snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 615
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
 The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.

Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of Riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf 635

Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortunes, headlong sink.
 Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640

The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
 While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
 The fop, light fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
 Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse 650
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises, fly, the fair impartial laugh.

Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil † shew'd. 655

O thou! whose wisdom, solid, yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire, 660
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polish'd life, permit the rural Muse,

† A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir Richard Steele.

O Chesterfield! to grace with thee her song!
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
 Indulge her fond ambition in thy train,
 (For every Muse has in thy train a place,)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind;
 To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,
 Rejects the allurements of corrupted power; 670
 That elegant politeness, which excels,
 E'en in the judgment of presumptuous France,
 The boasted manners of her shining court;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point, 675
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects:
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening Senate, ardent, crowd 680
 Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild Persuasion wears;
 Thou to assenting Reason giv'st again
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts: call'd from the heart,
 Th' obedient Passions on thy voice attend; 686
 And e'en reluctant Party feels a while
 Thy gracious power, as thro' the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690
 To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse;
 For now, behold, the joyous Winter-days,
 Frosty, succeed, and thro' the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere, and binds
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constricting; feeds and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves 700
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
 Where sits the Soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.

All Nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy Fire; and luculent along 710
 The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, Frost! and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret, all-invading Power, 715
 Whom e'en th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth, and æther? Hence at eve, 720
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft' shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice, 725
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more, but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm, till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise, while at his evening watch
 The village-dog deters the nightly thief:
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 735
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope 740
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,

And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world, 745
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent Night;
 Prone from the dripping cave and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendent icicle, the frost-work fair, 750
 Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave,
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760
 While every work of Man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
 And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, void of care,
 Batavia rushes forth, and as they sweep,
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
 The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 Their vigorous youth, in bold contention, wheel
 The long resounding course. Mean time, to raise 775
 The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
 Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
 Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day,
 But soon claps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
 Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost noon,
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,

Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those who, with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
 Worse than the season desolate the fields,
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
 Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone,
 Where, for relentless months, continual Night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
 Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow,
 And heavy-loaded groves, and solid floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main; 805
 And cheerless towns, far-distant, never blest'd,
 Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,*
 With news of human-kind: yet there life glows;
 Yet, cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
 The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
 Sables of glossy black; and dark embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freckt with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fall'n snows: and, scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies slumb'ring, sullen, in the white abyss.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs, nor toils, 820
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race; with pondrous clubs,

† The old name for China.

As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows, 825
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn :
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the North,
 That sees Boötes urge his tardy wain, 835
 A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus † pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
 Drove martial horde on horde, ‡ with dreadful sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled South, 840
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of Lapland ; wisely they
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war ;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives ; 845
 They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850
 Their rein-deer form their riches ; these their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth,
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.
 Obsequious at their call the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play

† The North-west wind.

‡ The wandering Scythian clans.

With double lustre from the glossy waste,
 E'en in the depth of Polar Night, they find
 A wondrous day; enough to light the chase,
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs. 865
 With'd Spring returns, and from the hazy South,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve,
 Till seen at large for gay rejoicing months, 870
 Still round and round his spiral course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky.
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods
 Where pure Niemi's * fairy mountains rise, 875
 And fring'd with roses, Tenglio † rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They, chearful loaded, to their tents repair,
 Where, all day long in useful care employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power;
 In whom tell Interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of Vice; whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885
 Of faithless Love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on beyond Tornéa's lake,
 And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of snow,
 And farthest Greenland, to the Pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890
 The Muse expands her solitary flight,
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky. ‡
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi, in Lapland, says,—"From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call Halkios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii than bears."
 † The same author observes,—"I was surpris'd to see, upon the banks of this river, (the Tenglio,) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

‡ The other hemisphere.

Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court, 895
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving Tempest is for ever heard:
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost,
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main,
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky, 905
 And icy mountains, high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down, 910
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid Pole.

Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury, but in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more; a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they 920
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun!
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate §, 925
 As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,

† Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North-east Passage.

Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues: to the cordage glu'd
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
 And, half-enliven'd by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens man as well as plants,
 Here human nature wears its rudest form. 940
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs
 Doze the gross race: nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know, nor aught of life 945
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till Morn, at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight bright'ning o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform, 950
 New-moulding Man! Wide-stretching from these shores,
 A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire, one vast Mind,
 By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal Peter! first of Monarchs! he 955
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
 And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.
 Ye shades of ancient heroes! ye who toil'd, 960
 Thro' long successive ages, to build up
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd, till then,
 A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts,
 And roaming every land, in every port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes;

Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
 Far distant flood to flood is social join'd; 975
 The astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the North, 980
 And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance and Vice,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade; 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow blustering from the South. Subdu'd,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990
 Spotted the mountains shine, loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once, 995
 And, where they rush, the wide resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty North,
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000
 And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep; at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, tofs'd amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,

And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, leviathan,
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
 Tempest the loosen'd brine; while thro' the gloom,
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet Providence, that ever-waking Eye, 1020
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of Fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
 See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never failing friend of Man, 1040
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! Awakening Nature hears
 The new-creating Word, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form, from pain and death 1045
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's eye refin'd, clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
 And Wildom oft' arraign'd; see now the cause

Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd
 And dy'd neglected; why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul; 1055
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude, while Luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought
 To form unreal wants; why heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
 Of Superstition's scourge; why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye Good distress!
 Ye noble Few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1065
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.



A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year; 10
And oft' Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft' at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown! tempest o'er tempest roll,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast. 20
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd,
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade, 25
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed they ravish still.
But wandering oft', with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres, 30
Works in the secret-deep, shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring!
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,

And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and ardent raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal Gales! 40
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes!
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And Ye! whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye Brooks! attune, ye trembling Rills!
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong Torrents! rapid and profound! 50
Ye softer Floods! that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic Main!
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds, to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye Forests! bend; ye Harvests! wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven! as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye Constellations! while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre, 65
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write, with every beam, his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate World, 70
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye Hills! ye mossy Rocks!
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,

Ye Vallies! raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye Woodlands all! awake; a boundless song
 Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela! charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise. 80
 Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn. In swarming cities vast,
 Assembled Men! to the deep organ join.
 The long-resounding voice, oft' breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base,
 And as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every secret grove, 90
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray 95
 Ruffles the plain, inspiring Autumn gleanings,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East,
 Be my tongue mute, my Fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
 Should Fate command me to the farthest verge 100
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105
 In the void waste as in the city full!
 And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
 When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I chearful will obey; there with new powers 110
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,

Sustaining all yon' orbs, and all their sons,
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable:
Come then, expressive Silence ! muse His praise.



BRITANNIA.

A POEM.

---Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
 Quos ego---sed motos præstat componere fluctus.
 Post mihi non simili pena commissa luetis.
 Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro:
 Non illi imperium pelagi, seuumque tridentem,
 Sed mihi sorte datum--- Virg.

AS on the sea-beat shore Britannia sat,
 Of her degenerate sons the faded fame
 Deep in her anxious heart revolving sad,
 Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
 That hoarse and hollow from the bleak surge blew; 5
 Loose flow'd her tresses, rent her azure robe.
 Hung o'er the deep, from her majestic brow
 She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay;
 Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek,
 Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main. 10
 Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
 Her dove-like wings; and War, tho' greatly rous'd,
 Yet mourns his fetter'd hands; while thus the Queen
 Of Nations spoke, and what she said the Muse
 Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse. 15

“E'en not yon' sail, that from the sky-mixt wave
 Dawns on the sight, and wafts the Royal Youth,*
 A freight of future glory to my shore;
 E'en not the flattering view of golden days,
 And rising periods yet of bright renown, 20
 Beneath the Parents, and their endless line
 Thro' late revolving time, can sooth my rage,
 While, unchastis'd, the insulting Spaniard dares
 Infest the trading flood, full of vain war,
 Despise my navies, and my merchants seize, 25
 As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
 The world of waters wild, made by the toil
 And liberal blood of glorious ages mine;
 Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
 Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt? 30

* Frederick Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

This tame beseeching of rejected peace?
 This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
 To generous Britons never known before?
 And sail'd my fleets, for this, on Indian tides
 To float, unactive, with the veering winds? 35
 The mockery of war! while hot Disease,
 And Sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds,
 For action ardent, and amid the deep,
 Inglorious sunk them in a watery grave.
 There now they lie beneath the rolling flood, 40
 Far from their friends and country unaveng'd,
 And back the drooping war-ship comes again,
 Dispirited, and thin: her sons ashamed
 Thus idly to review their native shore;
 With not one glory sparkling in their eye, 45
 One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,
 The violated merchant comes along,
 That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious gale
 He drew and sweat beneath Equator suns,
 By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon 50
 Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
 Were once the British Lion heard to roar.
 Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
 In their own well-asserted element,
 Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main? 55
 Who told him that the big incumbent war
 Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
 In smoky ruin? and his guilty stores,
 Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
 Yet unatton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep, 60
 Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?
 There was a time (oh let my languid sons
 Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
 When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
 Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge; like a whole heaven 65
 Of clouds, wide roll'd before the boundless breeze.
 Gaily the splendid armament along
 Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
 As sunk the sun o'er all the flaming Vast;
 Tall, gorgeous, and elate, drunk with the dream 70

Of easy conquest; while their bloated War,
 Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
 Of ages held in its capacious womb:
 But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
 My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy Few! 75
 With tempest black the goodly scene deform'd,
 And laid their glory waste. The bolts of Fate
 Resistless thunder'd through their yielding sides;
 Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
 And seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide 80
 Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.
 Then, too, from ev'ry promontory chill,
 Rank fen, and cavern, where the wild wave works,
 I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
 Round th' glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast, 85
 The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve
 And pointed rock, that marks th' indented shore,
 Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
 Howls thro' the fractur'd Caledonian isles.

Such were the dawns of my watry reign; 90
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
 E'en in those trouble times, when dreadful Blake
 Aw'd angry nations with the British name,
 Let every humble state, let Europe say,
 Sustain'd and balanc'd by my naval arm. 95
 Ah! what must those immortal spirits think
 Of your poor shifts? those, for their country's good,
 Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,
 No mean submission, but commanded peace?
 Ah! how with indignation must they burn! 100
 (If aught but joy can touch ethereal breasts)
 With shame, with grief, to see their feeble sons
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,
 For which their wisdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
 And their veins bled, thro' many a toiling age! 105
 Oh! first of human blessings, and supreme!
 Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
 By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
 Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
 And unsuspicious faith; while honest Toil 110

Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
 Which idle barbarous Rapine but usurps.
 Pure is thy reign, when, unaccurs'd by blood,
 Nought save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
 Trickling, distils into the vernal glebe; 115
 Instead of mangled carcases, sad-seen,
 When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;
 When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
 And hooks, imprint the vegetable wound;
 When the land blushes with the rose alone, 120
 The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
 Oh, Peace! thou source and soul of social life,
 Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
 Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
 And swelling Commerce opens all her ports; 125
 Blest be the man divine who gives us thee!
 Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
 Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
 Into the well-pil'd armoury returns; 130
 And, every vigour from the work of death
 To grateful industry converting, makes
 The country flourish, and the city smile.
 Unviolated, him the virgin sings,
 And him the smiling mother to her train: 135
 Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
 Chaunts: and, the treasures of his labour sure,
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough
 Or team he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave; 140
 And the full city, warm, from street to street,
 And shop to shop, responsive, sings of him.
 Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
 Far as the sun-rolls the diffusive day,
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of Peace, 145
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.
 What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee?
 What painful patience? what incessant care?
 What mixt anxiety? what sleepless toil?
 E'en from the rash, protected, what reproach? 150

For he thy value knows, thy friendship, he,
 To human nature: but the better thou,
 The richer of delight, sometimes the more
 Inevitable war; when ruffian Force
 Awakes the fury of an injur'd state.
 E'en the good patient man, whom Reason rules,
 Rous'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,
 With sharp and sudden check th' astonish'd sons
 Of Violence confounds; firm as his cause
 His bolder heart; in awful justice clad,
 His eyes effulging a peculiar fire;
 And as he charges thro' the prostrate war,
 His keen arm teaches faithless men no more
 To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.
 And what, my thoughtless Sons! should fire you more,
 Than when your well-earn'd Empire of the Deep
 The least beginning injury receives?
 What better cause can call your lightning forth?
 Your thunder wake? your dearest life demand?
 What better cause, than when your country sees
 The sly destruction at her vitals aim'd?
 For, oh! it much imports you, 'tis your all,
 To keep your trade entire, entire the force
 And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,
 E'en with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
 In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
 By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
 But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
 Unconquerable still; let none escape,
 Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
 Is there the man into the lion's den
 Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?
 And is a Briton seiz'd, and seiz'd beneath
 The slumbering terrors of a British fleet?
 Then ardent rise! oh! great in vengeance rise!
 O'erturn the proud, teach Rapine to restore;
 And, as you ride sublimely round the world,
 Make every vessel stoop, make every state
 At once their welfare and their duty know.
 This is your glory; this your wisdom; this

The native power for which you were design'd
 By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest state
 That e'er was seated on the subject sea;
 A state alone where Liberty should live
 In these late times, this evening of mankind, 195
 When Athens, Rome, and Carthage, are no more!
 The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
 For this these rocks around your coast were thrown;
 For this your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot
 Strong into sturdy growth; for this your hearts 200
 Swell with a fullen courage, growing still
 As danger grows; and strength and toil for this
 Are liberal pour'd o'er all the servent land.
 Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
 Undangerous to the public, ever prompt, 205
 By lavish Nature thrust into your hand;
 And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
 Of conquests, whence huge empires rose, and fell
 Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
 Where'er the wind your high behests can blow, 210
 And fix it deep on this eternal base.
 For should the sliding fabric once give way,
 Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
 It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
 Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulf, 215
 Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
 And should the big redundant flood of Trade,
 In which ten thousand thousand labours join
 Their several currents, till the boundless tide
 Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land, 220
 Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point
 Its course another way, o'er other lands
 The various treasure would resistless pour,
 Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
 Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead, 225
 With all around a miserable waste.
 Not Egypt, were her better heaven, the Nile,
 Turn'd in the pride of flow, when o'er his rocks
 And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
 Of dizzy Vision pil'd, in one wide flash 230

An Ethiopian deluge foams amain,
 (Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the sky;) 135
 E'en not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
 On untill'd harvests all the teeming year,
 If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd, 235
 Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
 Steril, and void, than, of her trade depriv'd,
 Britons! your boasted isle: her princes sunk,
 Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust,
 Unnerv'd her force, her spirits vanish'd quite, 240
 With rapid wing her riches fled away,
 Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
 Of what she was, her merchants scatter'd wide,
 Her hollow shops shut up, and in her streets,
 Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads, 245
 The chearful voice of Labour heard no more.

Oh! let not, then, waste luxury impair
 That manly soul of toil, which strings your nerves,
 And your own proper happiness creates!
 Oh! let not the soft penetrating plague 250
 Creep on the free-born maid, and, working there,
 With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
 Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart
 Of Liberty, the high conception blast,
 The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn 255
 Of base subjection, and the swelling with
 For general good erasing from the mind;
 While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
 And low design, the sneaking passions all
 Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast. 260
 Induc'd at last, by scarce perceiv'd degrees,
 Sapping the very frame of government
 And life, a total dissolution comes;
 Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
 Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes, 265
 The human being almost quite extinct,
 And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
 Oh! shun that gulf; that gaping ruin shun!
 And countless ages roll it far away
 From you, ye heaven-belov'd! May Liberty, 270

The light of life! the sun of human-kind!
 Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
 E'en where the keen depressive North descends,
 Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
 While slavish southern climates beam in vain!
 And may a public spirit from the Throne,
 Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,
 Live o'er the land, the finer arts inspire,
 Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,
 Blow the fresh bair, bid Industry rejoice,
 And the rough sons of lowest Labour smile;
 As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd West
 Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
 Youth, life, and love, and beauty, o'er the world.

But haste we from these melancholy shores,
 Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitless plaint
 Pour weak. The country claims our active aid;
 That let us roam, and where we find a spark
 Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
 Lo! now, my sons, the sons of Freedom! meet
 In awful senate: thither let us fly,
 Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
 In fearless truth, myself, transform'd, preside,
 And shed the spirit of Britannia round."

This said, her fleeting form and airy train
 Sunk in the gale, and nought but ragged rocks
 Rush'd on the broken eye, and nought was heard
 But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.



LIBERTY.

A POEM.

IN FIVE PARTS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which your Royal Highness received the following Poem under your protection, I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them to the distinction of your favour: and who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author, and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince and of the patriot united; and overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory of both kings and people; to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty from the first ages, down to her excellent establishment in Great Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to your Royal Highness; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it, I have my best reward; particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

Sir,

Your Royal Highness's
Most obedient and most devoted Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

Ancient & Modern Italy Compared.

Liberty.

PART I.

The Contents.

THE following Poem is thrown into the form of a poetical Vision. Its scene the ruins of ancient Rome. The goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears characterized as British Liberty, to ver. 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory, to ver. 112. This contrasted by modern Italy; its vallies, mountains, culture, cities, people; the difference appearing strongest in the capital city, Rome, to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, to ver. 256. The old Romans apotheosized, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tiber, Tusculum, and Naples, to ver. 287. That once finest and most ornamental part of Italy, all along the Coast of Baia, how changed, to ver. 321. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain, to ver. 344. Address to the goddess of Liberty, that she would seduce, from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitutes the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain, whose happiness arising from Freedom and a limited Monarchy, she marks, to ver. 391. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words, Invocation.

O My lamented Talbot! while with thee
The Muse gay-rov'd the glad Hesperian round,
And drew the inspiring breath of ancient arts,
Ah! little thought she her returning verse
Should sing her darling subject to thy shade. 5
And does the mystic veil from mortal beam
Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,
And all thy father's candid spirit shone?
The light of reason, pure, without a cloud;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard; 10
Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.
But to the death of mighty nations turn
My strain; be there absorpt the private tear.
Musing I lay, warm from the sacred walks 15
Where at each step Imagination burns;
While scatter'd wide around, awful and hoar,
Lies, a vast monument! once-glorious Rome,

The tomb of Empire! Ruins! that efface
Whate'er of finish'd modern pomp can boast. 20

Snatch'd by these wonders, to that world where
Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand [thought

Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn dress;
When straight, methought, the fair majestic Power
Of Liberty appear'd; not, as of old, 26

Extended in her hand the cap and rod,
Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life;
But her bright temples bound with British oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow. 30

Sublime of port, loose o'er her shoulders flow'd
Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.
An island goddess now; and her high care
The Queen of Isles, the Mistress of the Main.

My heart beat filial transport at the sight, 35
And as she mov'd to speak, th' awaken'd Muse
Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
And then, her sighs repressing, thus began.

" Mine are these wonders; all thou seest is mine; 40
But, ah! how chang'd! the falling, poor remains
Of what exalted once the Ausonian shore.
Look back thro' time, and, rising from the gloom,
Mark the dread scene that paints whate'er I say.

The great Republic see! that glow'd, sublime, 45
With the mixt freedom of a thousand states,
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her curule chair,
And by her fasces aw'd the subject world.

See busy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high; 50
For Nature then smil'd on her free-born sons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to Men.

Behold, the country chearing, villas rise
In lively prospect, by the secret lapse
Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song: 55
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale;
On Baiæ's viny coast, where peaceful seas,

Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore,
 And suns unclouded shine thro' purest air; 60
 Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome,
 Far shining upward to the Sabine hills,
 To Anio's roar and Tiber's olive shade,
 To where Preneste lifts her airy brow,
 Or downward spreading to the sunny shore, 65
 Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

See distant mountains leave their vallies dry,
 And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,
 To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
 Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way, 70
 With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads,
 By various nations trod, and suppliant kings,
 With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
 The pride of earth, Rome in her glory see; 75
 Behold her demi-gods, in senate met,
 All head to counsel, and all heart to act;
 The Commonweal inspiring every tongue
 With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold,
 Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd 80
 To rank obedient to a master's voice.

Her forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
 In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires,*
 As they the private father greatly quell'd,
 Stood up the public fathers of the state. 85
 See Justice judging there in human shape!
 Hark! how with Freedom's voice it thunders high,
 Or in soft murmurs sink to Tully's tongue.

Her Tribes, her Census, see; her generous troops,
 Whose pay was glory, and their best reward 90
 Free for their country and for Me to die,
 Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
 The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

Her festive games, the school of heroes, see; 95
 Her Circus, ardent with contending youth;
 Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,

* L. J. Brutus and Virginius.

Full of fair Forms, of Beauty's eldest born,
 And of a people cast in Virtue's mould;
 While Sculpture lives around, and Asian hills
 Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome;
 All that to Roman strength the foster touch
 Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
 To paint this sun, this centre of mankind,
 Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,
 Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met.

Need I the contrast mark? unjoyous view!
 A land in all, in government, in arts,
 In virtue, genius, earth, and heaven, revers'd.
 Who but, these far-fam'd ruins to behold,
 Proofs of a people whose heroic aims
 Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere
 Of doubting modern life; who but, inflam'd
 With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
 Of men and deeds to trace, unhappy Land!
 Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway?

Are these the vales that, once, exulting states
 In their warm bosom fed? the mountains these
 On whose high-blooming sides My sons, of old,
 I bred to glory? these dejected towns,
 Where, mean and sordid, life can scarce subsist,
 The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp?

Come! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,
 Oppression! come, and in thy works rejoice!
 See Nature's richest plains to putrid fens
 Turn'd by thy fury. From their chearful bounds
 See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
 First rural Toil, by thy rapacious hand
 Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plow,
 And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe:
 'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
 Who loves at large along the grassy downs
 His flocks to pasture, thy drear champaign flies.
 Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
 'Tis all one desert, desolate, and grey,
 Graz'd by the sullen buffalo alone;
 And where the rank uncultivated growth

Of rotting ages taints the passing gale,
 Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
 Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns. 140

Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
 Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste,
 While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.

Such thy dire plains, thou Self-destroyer! foe
 To human-kind! Thy mountains, too, profuse, 143
 Where savage Nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
 To raise against thy desolating rod.

There on the breezy brow, where thriving states
 And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd sun
 Far other scenes of rising culture spread, 150

Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round
 Each harvest pines, the livid, lean produce
 Of heartless Labour; while thy hated joys,
 Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.

Better to sink in sloth the woes of life, 153
 Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.

Hence drooping Art almost to Nature leaves
 The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
 Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
 Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray. 160

To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
 (Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
 Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
 Nor juice Cœcubian nor Falernian more
 Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl. 165

Unseconded by Art, the spinning race
 Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
 In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows,
 And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.
 Thro' the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines: 170
 Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,
 And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

Nor half thy triumph this: cast from brute fields
 Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye,
 There buxom Plenty never turns her horn; 175
 The grace and virtue of exterior life,
 No clean Convenience reigns; e'en Sleep itself,

Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there
 Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
 Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd; 180
 See streets whose echoes never know the voice
 Of chearful Hurry, Commerce many-tongu'd,
 And Art mechanic at his various talk,
 Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,
 Of occupation void, as void of hope; 185
 Hope, the glad ray glanc'd from Eternal Good,
 That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
 With views of fortune—madness all to them!
 By thee relentless seiz'd their better joys,
 To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly, 190
 Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
 And love and music melt their souls away.
 From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge,
 Trembling, the balance snatches, and the sword,
 Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives. 195
 See where God's altar, nursing Murder, stands
 With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.

But chief let Rome, the mighty City! speak
 The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
 Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste, 200
 Expiring Nature all corrupted round;
 While the lone Tiber, thro' the desert plain
 Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
 Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
 Mark how the temple glares, and, artful dress, 205
 Amusive, draws the superstitious train.
 Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
 Concealing often, in magnific jail,
 Proud Want; a deep unanimated gloom!
 And oft' adjoining to the drear abode 210
 Of Misery, whose melancholy walls
 Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
 Within the city-bounds the desert see:
 See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs
 Indecent spread, beneath whose fretted gold 215
 It once exulting flow'd. The people mark,
 Matchless, while fir'd by Me; to public good

Inexorably firm; just, generous, brave;
 Afraid of nothing but unworthy life;
 Elate with glory, an heroic soul 220
 Known to the vulgar breast: behold them now
 A thin despairing number, all-subdu'd,
 The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
 By vice unmann'd, and a licentious rule,
 In guile ingenious, and in murder brave. 225
 Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
 Thy sons, Oppression! are, and such were Mine.

E'en with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain show
 Deluded thousands starve, all age begrim'd,
 Törn, robb'd, and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks, 230
 And by the tempest of two thousand years
 Continual shaken, let My ruins vie.
 These roads, that yet the Roman hand assert,
 Beyond the weak repair of modern toil;
 These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream 235
 No more delighted hear; these rich remains
 Of marbles now unknown, where shines, imbib'd,
 Each parent ray; these massy columns, hew'd
 From Afric's farthest shore; one granite all
 These obelisks high-towering to the sky, 240
 Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
 These endless wonders that this † Sacred Way
 Illumine still, and consecrate to Fame;
 These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd
 With the fine stores of art-completing Greece. 245
 Mine is, besides, thy every later boast;
 Thy Buonarotis, thy Palladios, Mine;
 And Mine the fair designs which † Raphael's soul
 O'er the live canvass, emanating, breath'd.

What would you say, ye Conquerors of earth!
 Ye Romans! could you raise the laurel'd head? 251
 Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
 And the dread toil of ages, won so dear,
 Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight!

† Via Sacra.

‡ M. Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael D'Urbino, the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

For whose defence oft', in the doubtful hour, 161
 You rush'd with rapture down the gulph of Fate, 155
 Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
 Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
 The Queen of Nations rose, possess'd of all
 Which Nature, Art, and Glory, could bestow! 160
 What would you say, deep in the last abyss
 Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
 Thus to behold her sunk? Your crowded plains
 Void of their cities, unadorn'd your hills, 164
 Ungrac'd your lakes, your ports to ships unknown,
 Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams,
 These could you know? these could you love again?
 Thy Tiber, Horace! could it now inspire
 Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
 Soon bursting into song, while thro' the groves 170
 Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
 In many a tortur'd stream, you mus'd along?
 Yon' wild retreat, where Superstition dreams,
 Could, Tully! you your Tusculum † believe?
 And could you deem yon' naked hills, that form, 175
 Fam'd in old song, the ship-forsaken bay ‡,
 Your Formian shore, once the delight of earth,
 Where Art and Nature, ever-smiling, join'd
 On the gay land to lavish all their stores?
 How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil! wide around,
 Would now your Naples seem? disaster'd less 181
 By black Vesuvius, thundering o'er the coast
 His midnight earthquakes and his mining fires,
 Than by despotic rage; § that inward gnaws,
 A native foe; a foreign tears without. 185
 First from your flattered Cæsars this began,
 Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,*
 Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain, ||
 That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd,

† Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place now called *Gratia Ferrata*, †
 Convent of Monks.

‡ The bay of Mola (anciently *Formia*) into which Homer brings Ulysses and
 his companions. Near *Formia* Cicero had a villa.

§ Naples, then under the Austrian government.

|| *Campagna Felice*, adjoining to Capua.

And wrapt in weeds the shore of Venus lies. † 290
 There Baizæ sees no more the joyous throng,
 Her banks all beaming with the pride of Rome:
 No generous vines now bask along the hills,
 Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
 With baths and temples mixt, no villas rise; 295
 Nor, art-sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
 Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
 No spreading ports their sacred arms extend;
 No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
 From the calm station, roll resounding back. 300
 An almost total desolation sits,
 A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;
 Where, ‡ when soft suns and tepid winters rose,
 Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
 Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze; 305
 And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
 A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,
 E'en Nature yields, by fire and earthquake rent;
 Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt
 Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid, 310
 A nest for serpents; from the red abyss
 New hills, explosive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
 A reedy pool; and all to Cuma's point
 The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
 And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome. 315
 Hence, Britain! learn, My best-establish'd, last,
 And, more than Greece or Rome, My steady reign;
 The land where, king and people equal bound
 By guardian laws, My fullest blessings flow;
 And where My jealous unsubmitting soul, 320
 The dread of tyrants! burns in every breast
 Learn hence, if such the miserable fate
 Of an heroic race, the masters once
 Of human-kind, what, when depriv'd of Me,
 How grievous must be thine? In spite of climes, 325

† The coast of Baizæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

‡ All along this coast the ancient Romans had their winter retreats, and several populous cities stood.

Whose sun-enliven'd æther wakes the soul
 To higher powers, in spite of happy soils,
 That, but by Labour's slightest aid impell'd,
 With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown,
 If there desponding fail the common arts 330
 And sustenance of life, could life itself,
 Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
 Subsist with thee? Against depressing skies,
 Join'd to full-spread Oppression's cloudy brow,
 How could thy spirits hold? where vigour find? 335
 Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative soil?
 Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,
 To plough the dreadful all-producing wave?"

Here paus'd the goddess: by the pause assur'd,
 In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer. 340
 " Oh! first, and most benevolent of powers!
 " Come from eternal splendours, here on earth,
 " Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
 " To shield mankind, to raise them to assert
 " The native rights and honour of their race; 345
 " Teach me, thy lowest subject, but in zeal
 " Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,
 " And with a strain from thee enrich the Muse.
 " As thee alone she serves, her patron, thou,
 " And great inspirer, be! then will she joy, 350
 " Tho' narrow life her lot, and private shade:
 " And when her venal voice she barter's vile,
 " Or to thy open or thy secret foes,
 " May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
 " By slavish hearts unfelt! and may her song 355
 " Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew!
 " Vermin of state! to thy o'erflowing light
 " That owe their being, yet betray thy cause."

Then, condescending kind, the heavenly Power
 Return'd.—" What here, suggested by the scene,
 " I slight unfold, record and sing at home, 361
 " In that blest isle where (so we spirits move)
 " With one quick effort of My will I am:
 " There Truth, unlicens'd, walks, and dares accost
 " E'en kings themselves, the monarchs of the Free!

" Fix'd on my rock, there an indulgent race 366
 " O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice;
 " And there to finish what his fires began,
 " A Prince behold! for Me who burns sincere,
 " E'en with a subject's zeal. He my great work 370
 " Will, parent-like, sustain, and added give
 " The touch the Graces and the Muses owe:
 " For Britain's glory swells his panting breast,
 " And ancient arts he emulous revolves;
 " His pride to let the smiling heart abroad, 375
 " Thro' clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man;
 " To please his pleasure, bounty his delight;
 " And all the soul of Titus dwells in him."

Hail, glorious theme! But how, alas! shall verse,
 From the crude stores of mortal language drawn, 380
 How, faint and tedious, sing what, piercing deep,
 The goddesses flash'd at once upon my soul?
 For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods
 Is harmony itself; to every ear

Familiar, known like light to every eye. 385
 Mean time disclosing ages, as she spoke,
 In long succession pour'd their empires forth;
 Scene after scene the human drama spread,
 And still th' embodied picture rose to sight.

Oh Thou! to whom the Muses owe their flame!
 Who bid'st, beneath the Pole, Parnassus rise, 391
 And Hippocrenè flow, with thy bold ease,
 The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,
 And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound and clear,
 Oh! gracious Goddess! re-inspire my song, 395
 While I, to nobler than poetic fame
 Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.



GREECE.

Liberty.

PART II.

The Contents.

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THUS spoke the goddess of the fearless eye,
And at her voice, renew'd, the Vision rose.

“First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd,
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks, 5
In search of clearer spring and fresher field.
These, as increasing families disclos'd
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm-o'erspread, 10
The father-senate met. There Justice dealt,
With reason then and equity the same,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subjects' blood.
The simpler arts were all their simpler wants 15
Had urg'd to light; but instant, these supply'd,
Another set of fonder wants arose,
And other arts with them of finer aim,
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The Mind by thinking push'd her latent powers, 20
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.

At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
Launch'd the rude spear; swift as he glar'd along,
On the grim lion or the robber wolf!

For then young sportive Life was void of toil, 25
 Demanding little, and with little pleas'd;
 But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
 Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd,
 Lewd lazy Rapine broke primeval Peace,
 And, hid in caves and idle forests drear, 30
 From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain
 Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
 First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted skies.
 Awful in justice, then the burning youth,
 Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men, 35
 The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
 Turn'd the keen arrow and the sharpen'd spear.
 Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose,
 Who, scorning coward self, for others liv'd,
 Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled. 40
 West with the living day to Greece I came:
 Earth smil'd beneath my beam; the Muse before
 Sonorous flew, that low, till then, in woods
 Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain;
 But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd 45
 A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
 For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook,
 A boastful race, than in the vain abyss
 Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
 And with their river trac'd it from the skies. 50
 While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
 And kings as well as people proud obey'd;
 I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts;
 By poets, sages, legislators fought,
 The school of polish'd life and human-kind: 55
 But when mysterious Superstition came,
 And, with her Civil Sister * leagu'd, involv'd
 In study'd darkness the desponding mind,
 Then tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloos'd;
 For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave. 60
 Instead of useful works, like Nature's great,
 Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land,
 And round a tyrant's tomb, † who none deserv'd,

* Civil tyranny.

† The pyramids.

For one vile carcass perish'd countless lives.
 Then the great Dragon, † couch'd amid his floods, 65
 Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—"This flood is
 "'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd, [mine,
 His frenzy soon the proud blasphem'er felt:
 Felt that, without My fertilizing power,
 Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain. 70
 Nought could retard me; nor the frugal state
 Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,
 Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
 Into luxurious waste: nor yet the ports
 Of old Phœnicia, first for letters fam'd, 75
 That paint the voice, and silent speak to fight,
 Of arts prime source and guardian! by fair stars
 First tempted out into the lonely deep,
 To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,
 The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves, 80
 With all the peaceful power of ruling trade;
 Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd,
 Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore
 The silver Jordan laves: before Me lay
 The promis'd Land of Arts, and urg'd my flight. 85
 Hail, Nature's utmost boast! unrivall'd Greece!
 My fairest reign! where every power benign
 Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,
 And lavish'd all that Genius can inspire,
 Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main, 90
 Ionian or Ægean, temper'd kind:
 Light airy soils, a country rich and gay,
 Broke into hills, with balmy odours crown'd,
 And, bright with purple harvests, joyous vales: 94
 Mountains and streams where verse spontaneous flow'd;
 Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods,
 And still the mountains and the streams of song.
 All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
 Of high materials, and My restless arts
 Frame into finish'd life. How many states, 100
 And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
 And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!

† The tyrants of Egypt.

From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
 By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves,
 To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Isles 105
 In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
 Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main.
 O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
 And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurota's bank,
 Amid a circle of soft-rising hills, 110
 The patient Sparta one; the sober, hard,
 And man-subduing city, which no shape
 Of pain could conquer, or of pleasure charm.
 Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
 Of equal life, so well a temper'd state, 115
 Where mix'd each government in such just poise,
 Each power so checking and supporting each,
 That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it stood,
 The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
 One shock of faction, or of party rage. 120
 For, drain'd the springs of wealth, corruption there
 Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
 Had not neglected Art, with weedy Vice
 Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
 Lov'd not the soil, yet there the calm abode 125
 Of Wisdom, Virtue, philosophic Ease,
 Of manly Sense and Wit, in frugal phrase
 Confin'd, and press'd into laconic force.
 There, too, by rooting thence still treacherous Self,
 The public and the private grew the same: 130
 The children of the nursing Public all,
 And at its table fed; for that they toil'd,
 For that they liv'd entire, and e'en for that
 The tender mother urg'd her son to die.
 Of softer genius, but not less intent 135
 To seize the palm of empire, Athens arose;
 Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
 Hymettus † spread, amid the scented sky,
 His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
 And to botanic hand the stores of health. 140
 Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,

† A mountain near Athens.

Between Ilissus* and Cephissus glow'd
 This hive of Science, shedding sweets divine,
 Of active arts and animated arms.
 There, passionate for Me, an easy-mov'd, 145
 A quick refin'd, a delicate, humane,
 Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft' on the brink
 Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of speech,
 Inforcing hasty counsel immature,
 Totter'd the rash Democracy, unpois'd, 150
 And by the rage devour'd that ever tears
 A populace unequal; part too rich,
 And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
 Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose,
 Allay'd the tempest, to the calm of laws 155
 Reduc'd the settling whole, and, with the weight
 Which the two Senates† to the public lent,
 As with an anchor, fix'd the driving state.

Nor was My forming care to these confin'd;
 For emulation thro' the Whole I pour'd, 160
 Noble contention! who should most excel
 In government well pois'd, adjusted best
 To public weal; in countries cultur'd high;
 In ornamented towns, where Order reigns,
 Free social life, and polish'd manners fair; 165
 In exercise and arms; arms only drawn
 For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride;
 In moral science, and in graceful arts.
 Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
 The prize grew greater, and the prize of all. 170
 By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
 Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,
 Felt every ardour burn; their great reward
 The verdant wreath which sounding Pila‡ gave.

Hence flourish'd Greece, and hence a race of men,
 As gods by conscious future times ador'd, 176
 In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,

* Two rivers, between which Athens was situated.

† The Areopagus, or supreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed and improved; and the council of Four Hundred, by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.

‡ Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.

Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
 Each art was nature. Spartan valour, hence,
 At the fam'd pass* firm as an isthmus stood, 180
 And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
 As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd;
 While in extended battle at the field
 Of Marathon, My keen Athenians drove
 Before their ardent band an host of slaves. 185

Hence thro' the continent ten thousand Greeks
 Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime
 Of victories can reach. Deserts in vain
 Oppos'd their course; and hostile lands, unknown;
 And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death;
 And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grinn'd; 190
 Hunger and toil, Armenian snows and storms,
 And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
 Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
 Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds 195
 Which a whole empire pour'd, and held its way
 Triumphant, by the sage exalted Chief †
 Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh! light and force of mind
 Almost almighty, in severe extremes!
 The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen, 200
 Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw
 The soldiers' fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes
 With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
 To cries resounding loud—The sea! The sea!

In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits, 205
 Shone thick as stars the Milky Way of Greece!
 And tho' gay Wit and pleasing Grace was theirs,
 All the soft Modes of Elegance and Ease,
 Yet was not Courage less, the patient touch
 Of toiling Art, and Disquisition deep. 210

My spirit pours a vigour thro' the soul,
 Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
 Invincible in arts, in the bright field
 Of nobler Science, as in that of Arms.
 Athenians thus not less intrepid burst 215

* The straits of Thermopylae.

† Xenophon.

The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains; while thro' the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
And friendly free discussion, calling forth 210
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage, †
And Father of Philosophy; the sun
From whose white blaze, emerg'd, each various sect
Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam. 215
Tutor of Athens! he in every street
Dealt princeless treasure; goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep thro' the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stole, as into truth 230
And serious deeds he smil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life whate'er can bless
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, tho' plain, his doctrine broke
In different Schools. The bold poetic phrase 235
Of figur'd Plato, Xenophon's pure strain,
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale,
Dissecting truth, the Stagyrte's keen eye,
Th' exalted Stoic pride, the Cynic sneer,
The slow-consenting Academic doubt; 240
And, joining blis to virtue, the glad ease
Of Epicurus, seldom understood.
They, ever candid, reason still oppos'd
To reason, and, since virtue was their aim,
Each by sure practice try'd to prove his way 245
The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base
Of Liberty, the liberty of mind;
For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.
From priestly darkness sprung the enlightening arts
Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names. 251
O Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer Arts!
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,

† Socrates.

In these hast led the way, in these excell'd, 255
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.

In thy full language, speaking mightier things,
Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
A broad majestic stream, and rolling on
Thro' all the winding harmony of sound, 260
In it the power of Eloquence, at large,
Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul,
Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,
Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops. 265
In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd,
By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,
Her unconfin'd divinity display'd,
And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will,
Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan, 270
Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of gods.

Heroic Song was thine, the fountain bard, †
Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
Thine the dread Moral Scene, thy chief delight!
Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice, 275
When Reason spoke august; the fervent heart
Or plain'd or storm'd, and in the impassion'd man,
Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.
This potent school of manners, but when left
To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague, 280
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundless cost, by thee, whose every son,
E'en last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.

The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain, 285
Thine was the meaning Music of the heart;
Not the vain trill that, void of passion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears,
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied soul. 290

Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
The boast of well-pleas'd Nature! Sculpture seiz'd,

† Homer.

And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
 Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again 295
 Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
 Thy workmen left e'en Nature's self behind.
 From those far different, whose prolific hand
 Peoples a nation, they for years on years,
 By the cool touches of judicious toil, 300
 Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
 Thro' the live features of one breathing stone.
 There, beaming full, it shone, expressing gods;
 Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
 The fierce atrocious frown of sinew'd Mars, 305
 Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
 Minutely perfect all! each dimple sunk,
 And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
 In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd,
 Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils; 310
 Sprung into motion, soften'd into flesh,
 Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.

Nor less thy pencil, with creative touch,
 Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames
 Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd. 315
 And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
 To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
 The soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love
 Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms,
 E'en such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd, 320
 That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
 Dash'd to the ground, and, rather than destroy
 The patriot picture, † let the city 'scape.

First elder Sculpture taught her sister Art
 Correct design, where great ideas shone, 325
 And in the secret trace expression spoke:
 Taught her the graceful attitude, the turn,
 And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
 Or bold or easy; and cast free behind,
 The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow. 330

† When Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protogenes, he chose rather to raise the siege than hazard the burning of a famous picture, called Jafylus, the master-piece of that painter.

Then the bright Muse, their eldest Sister, came,
 And bade her follow where she led the way!
 Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise,
 And copious action on the canvas glow;
 Gave her gay Fable, spread Invention's store, 335
 Enlarg'd her view, taught composition high,
 And just arrangement, circling round one point,
 That starts to light, binds and commands the whole.
 Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
 And scorning the soft trade of mere delight, 340
 O'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,
 Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
 Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
 There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God
 Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd 345
 Calm Contemplation, or assembled youth
 Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
 The living lesson stole into the heart
 With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
 These rouse to glory, while to rural life 350
 The softer canvas oft' repos'd the soul.
 There gaily broke the sun-illumin'd cloud;
 The less'ning prospect, and the mountain blue,
 Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
 White down the rock the rushing torrent dash'd; 355
 The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;
 The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
 Sadden'd the skies; and from the doubling gloom,
 On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
 In closing shades, and where the current strays, 360
 With Peace and Love, and Innocence, around,
 Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock;
 Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves,
 And friends convers'd, by death divided long.
 To public virtues thus the smiling Arts, 365
 Unblemish'd handmaids! serv'd; the Graces they
 To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,
 And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,
 The high awarders of immortal fame,
 Alone for glory thy great masters strove; 370

Courted by kings, and by contending states
Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.

In Architecture, too, thy rank supreme!
That art where most magnificent appears
The little builder Man; by thee refin'd, 375
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of shame:
Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore 380
Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath; 385
The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aerial rise. 390

These were the wonders that illumin'd Greece
From end to end."—Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) say, Goddess! where?
And what the land thy darling thus of old?
"Sunk! (the resum'd;) deep in the kindred gloom 395
Of Superstition and of Slavery sunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By loose dejected sloth and servile fear;
No science pierce the darkness of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious soul 400
Of imitation in their breast awake.
E'en to supply the needful arts of life
Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand:
Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,
Or nodding column, on the desert shore, 505
To point where Corinth or where Athens stood.
A faithless land of violence and death!
Where Commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore;
And his wild impulse curious Search restrains,
Afraid to trust th' inhospitable clime. 410

Neglected Nature fails; in sordid want
 Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.
 The Sun himself seems angry, to regard,
 Of light unworthy, the degen'rate race,
 And fires them oft' with pestilential rays; 415
 While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
 Indignant shakes them from her troubled sides.
 But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,
 Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
 So States must die, and Liberty go round. 420

Fierce was the stand ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,
 And the Soul fir'd by Me, (that often stung
 With thoughts of better times and old renown,
 From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land,)
 Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd, 425
 And gross o'er all unfeeling Bondage spread.
 Sooner I mov'd My much reluctant flight,
 Pois'd on the doubtful wing, when Greece with Greece,
 Embroil'd in foul contention, fought no more
 For common glory and for common weal, 430
 But, false to Freedom, sought to quell the Free;
 Broke the firm band of peace, and sacred love,
 That lent the whole irrefragable force,
 And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
 Prepar'd the way for total overthrow. 435
 Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd,
 When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
 Sparta by turns, and Athens, vilely su'd;
 Su'd to be venal parricides, to spill
 Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves 440
 To turn their matchless mercenary arms.
 Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the Great King, †
 And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
 Of sly Corruption and Barbaric gold,
 Effected what his steel could ne'er perform. 445
 Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
 Inflaming all the land; unbalanc'd wide
 Their tottering states, their wild assemblies rul'd,
 As the winds turn at every blast the seas,

† So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

And by their list'd orators, whose breath 450
 Still with a factious storm infested Greece,
 Rous'd them to Civil war, or dash'd them down
 To sordid peace*—Peace! that, when Sparta shook
 Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
 Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore, 455
 Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
 What could so base, so infamous a thought
 In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
 Respiring Athens † rear again her walls,
 And the pale fury fir'd them once again 460
 To crush this rival city to the dust.
 For now no more the noble social soul
 Of Liberty My families combin'd,
 But by short views and selfish passions broke,
 Dire as when friends are rankled into foes, 465
 They mix'd severe, and wag'd eternal war;
 Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;
 Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,
 Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia came.
 Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd, ‡ 470
 The blush and boast of Fame! where courage, art,
 And military glory, shone supreme:
 But let detesting ages from the scene
 Of Greece, self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.
 At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds 475
 She felt her spirits fail, and in the dust
 Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
 Agesilaus, and the Theban Friends, §
 The Macedonian Vulture mark'd his time,
 By the dire scent of Cheronæa || lur'd, 480
 And, fierce descending, seiz'd his hapless prey.
 Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
 Greece! once the gay, the turbulent, the bold,

* The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the Lesser Asia to the dominion of the King of Persia.

† Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedemonians at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendour.

‡ The Peloponnesian war.

§ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

|| The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

For every Grace, and Muse, and Science, born;
With arts of war, of government, elate; 485
To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best;
Whom I Myself could scarcely rule; and thus
The Persian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.

Unless Corruption first deject the pride 490
And guardian vigour of the Free-born soul,
All crude attempts of Violence are vain;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by Force was Freedom overcome.
But soon as Independence stoops the head, 495
To vice enslav'd, and vice-created wants,
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
These heightened wants with fatal bounty feeds,
From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
Till the whole State, unnerv'd, in slavery sinks. 500



ROME.

Liberty.

PART III.

The Contents.

AS this Part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which, with Sicily, constituted the Great Greece of the Ancients. With these colonies the Spirit of Liberty and of Republics spreads over Italy, to ver. 32. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities, to ver. 71. Amidst the many small republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Targuins. Now differing from that in Greece, to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman Republic given in the First Part of this Poem: to mark its rise and fall the peculiar purport of This. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and Virtue exerted, to ver. 103. The source whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire, abroad, to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman Empire geographically described, to ver. 237. The states of Greece restored to liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence, to ver. 328. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion, in the death of Brutus, to ver. 485. Rome under the Emperors, to ver. 513. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern nations, where, by infusing into them her spirit and general principles, she lays the ground-work of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman Empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages; to ver. 550. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

HERE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
That painted still whate'er the goddess sung.
Then I, impatient,—“ From extinguish'd Greece,
“ To what new region stream'd the Human Day?”
She softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves,
Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
Resum'd,—“ Indignant, these last scenes I fled,*
And long ere then Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
All Latium stood arous'd. Ages before,
Great mother of Republics! Greece had pour'd,
Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around;
On Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stoop'd,
But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore,
Where from Lacinium † to Etrurian vales
They roll'd increasing colonies along,
And lent materials for My Roman reign.
With them My spirit spread, and numerous states
And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd,

* The last struggles of Liberty in Greece.

† A promontory in Calabria.

As its parental policy and arts
 Each had imbib'd. Besides to each assign'd 20
 A Guardian genius, o'er the public weal,
 Kept an unclosing eye; try'd to sustain,
 Or more, sublime the soul infus'd by Me;
 And strong the battle rose, with various wave, 25
 Against the tyrant demons of the land.
 Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew,
 Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
 But almost all below the proud regard
 Of story vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent, 30
 That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.
 Not so the Samian Sage*; to him belongs
 The brightest witness of recording fame.
 For these free states his native isle † forsook,
 And a vain tyrant's transitory smile, 35
 He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
 And thro' Great Greece ‡ his gentle wisdom taught;
 Wisdom that calm'd for listening years || the mind,
 Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.
 His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps 40
 Of boundless æther, where unnumber'd orbs,
 Myriads on myriads, thro' the pathless sky
 Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
 There he the full-consenting choir beheld,
 There first discern'd the secret band of love, 45
 The kind attraction that to central suns
 Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
 Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
 Of the whole-moving all-informing God,
 The Sun of beings! beaming unconfin'd 50
 Light, life, and love, and ever active power;
 Whom naught can image, and who best approves
 The silent worship of the moral heart,
 That joys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the joy.
 Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life, 55
 And bound his reason to the sphere of Man.

* Pythagoras.

† Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

‡ The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called, because of the Grecian colonies there settled.

|| His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.

He gave the four yet reigning virtues * name;
 Inspir'd the study of the finer arts,
 That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd,
 Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd. 60
 He e'en, into his tender system, took
 Whatever shares the brotherhood of life.
 He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
 From brute to man, and man to brute again,
 For ever shifting, runs th' eternal round; 65
 Thence try'd against the blood-polluted meal,
 And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
 To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
 Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
 And not a circling form, but rising whole. 70

Amid these small Republics one arose,
 On yellow Tiber's bank, almighty Rome!
 Fated for Me. A nobler spirit warm'd
 Her sons; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler still
 It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chas'd, 75
 With all their crimes; bade radiant eras rise,
 And the long honours of the Consul line.

Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan
 Of Greece I vary'd, whose unmixing states,
 By the keen soul of Emulation pierc'd, 80
 Long wag'd alone the bloodless war of Arts,
 And their best empire gain'd: but to diffuse
 O'er men an empire was My purpose now;
 To let My martial Majesty abroad;
 Into the vortex of One State to draw 85
 The whole mix'd force and liberty on earth;
 To conquer tyrants, and set nations free.

Already have I given, with flying touch,
 A broken view of this My amplest reign:
 Now while its first, last, periods you survey, 90
 Mark how it lab'ring rose, and rapid fell.

When Rome in noon-tide empire grasp'd the world,
 And, soon as her resistless legions shone,
 The nations stoop'd around; tho' then appear'd
 Her grandeur most, yet in her dawn of power, 95

* The Four Cardinal Virtues.

By many a jealous equal people press'd,
 Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then;
 Then for each Roman I an hero told,
 And every passing sun and Latian scene
 Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds, 100
 That or surpass the faith of modern times,
 Or, if believ'd, with sacred horror strike.

For then, to prove My most exalted power,
 I to the point of full perfection push'd,
 To fondness or enthusiastic zeal, 105
 The great, the reigning passion of the Free!
 That godlike passion! which, the bounds of Self
 Divinely bursting, the whole public takes
 Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
 With the mix'd ardour of unnumber'd selves; 110
 Of all who safe beneath the voted laws
 Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.
 From this kind sun of moral Nature flow'd
 Virtues that shine the light of human-kind,
 And, ray'd thro' story, warm remotest time. 115
 These virtues, too, reflected to their source,
 Increas'd its flame. The social charm went round,
 The fair idea, more attractive still,
 As more by virtue mark'd, till Romans, all
 One band of friends, unconquerable grew. 120

Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,
 The voice of pleading Nature was not heard,
 And in their hearts the fathers throb'd no more;
 Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.
 Hence sweetened pain, the luxury of toil; 125
 Patience, that baffled Fortune's utmost rage;
 High-minded Hope, which at the lowest ebb,
 When Biennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
 The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.
 Hence Moderation a new conquest gain'd, 130
 As on the vanquish'd, like descending Heaven,
 Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
 And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.
 Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
 Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce: 135

LIBERTY.

183

Hence Independence, with his little pleas'd,
 Serene, and self-sufficient, like a god,
 In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
 While he his honest roots to gold preferr'd;
 While truly rich, and by his Sabine field 140
 The man maintain'd, the Roman's splendour all
 Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd;
 Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough,
 Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,
 In long majestic flow, to rule the state, 145
 With Wisdom's purest eye; or, clad in steel,
 To drive the steady battle on the foe.
 Hence every passion, e'en the proudest, stoop'd
 To common-good: Camillus! thy revenge;
 Thy glory, Fabius! All submissive, hence 150
 Consuls, Dictators, still resign'd their rule,
 The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
 Tho' conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle wings,
 Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy steeds
 To the triumphal car, soon as expir'd 155
 The latest hour of sway, taught to submit,
 (A harder lesson than to command,)
 Into the private Roman sunk the chief.
 If Rome was serv'd, and glorious, careless they 159
 By whom: their country's fame they deem'd their own;
 And, above envy, in a rival's train,
 Sung the loud Ios by themselves deserv'd:
 Hence matchless courage: on Cremera's bank
 Hence fell the Fabii: hence the Decii dy'd;
 And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulf: 165
 Hence Regulus the wavering Fathers firm'd,
 By dreadful counsel never given before;
 For Roman honour su'd, and his own doom;
 Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepar'd
 By Punic rage: on earth his manly look 170
 Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,
 By chains polluted, put his wife aside,
 His little children climbing for a kiss;
 Then dumb thro' rows of weeping wondering friends,
 A new illustrious exile! press'd along. 175

Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds
 Opposing his return, than if, escap'd
 From long litigious suits, he glad forsook
 The noisy town a while, and city cloud,
 To breathe Venafrian or Tarentine air. 180
 Need I these high particulars recount?
 The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame;
 Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear.
 Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,
 When Rome and Glory call'd. But, in one view,
 Mark the rare boast of these unequall'd times: 186
 Ages revolv'd unsully'd by a crime;
 Attrea reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
 To bind a race elated with the pride
 Of virtue, and disdainng to descend 190
 To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
 While war around them rag'd, in happy Rome
 All peaceful smil'd, all save the passing clouds
 That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow,
 And fair unblemish'd centuries elaps'd, 195
 When not a Roman bled but in the field.
 Their virtue such, that an unbalanc'd state,
 Still between Noble and Plebeian toss'd,
 As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
 Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow 200
 Rode out the storms. Oft' tho' the native feuds,
 That from the first their constitution shook,
 (A latent ruin, growing as it grew,)
 Stood on the threatening point of Civil war
 Ready to rush, yet could the lenient voice 205
 Of Wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
 Those sons of Virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
 Unpetrify'd by Self, so naked lay,
 And sensible to truth, that o'er the rage
 Of giddy faction, by Oppression swell'd, 210
 Prevail'd a simple fable, and at once
 To peace recover'd the divided state.
 But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
 The soothing touch, still in the love of Rome
 The dread Dictator found a sure resource. 215

LIBERTY.

185

Was she assaulted? was her glory sta in'd?
 One common quarrel wide-inflam'd the whole.
 Foes in the Forum in the field were friends,
 By social danger bound; each fond for each,
 And for their dearest country all, to die. 210

Thus up the hill of Empire slow they toil'd,
 Till, the bold summit gain'd, the Thousand States
 Of proud Italia blended into one;
 Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
 And touch'd the limits of the failing world. 215

Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.
 See that which borders wild the western main,
 Where storms at large resound, and tides immense;
 From Caledonia's dim cerulean coast,
 And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd 230
 Amid the restless clouds and leaning heaven,
 Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
 Mark that oppos'd, where first the springing Morn
 Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews;
 From the dire deserts by the Caspian lav'd, 235
 To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
 Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain,
 And blest Arabia aromatic breathes.

See that dividing far the watry North,
 Parent of floods! from the majestic Rhine, 240
 Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,
 In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars;
 To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
 The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha*
 In the black Scythian † sea his torrent throws. 245
 Last that beneath the burning zone behold;
 See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
 Of Mauritania to the Libyan sands,
 Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste
 A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh, 250
 And farther to the full Egyptian shore,
 To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
 His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
 In this vast space what various tongues and states!

* The ancient name of the Volga.

† The Caspian Sea.

What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and seas!
 What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed! 256

O'er Greece descended chief, with stealth divine,
 The Roman bounty in a flood of day,
 As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp!
 Her full-assembled youth innumerable swarm'd. 260

On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius sat;
 A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
 Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
 The Grecian tyrant † to his bounds repell'd.
 In the high thoughtless gaiety of game, 265

While sport alone their unambitious hearts
 Possess'd, the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
 Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.

Then thus a herald:—"To the states of Greece
 "The Roman people, unconfin'd, restore 270
 "Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws;
 "Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw."

The crowd, astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
 Star'd dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd,
 (Like one who, dreaming, between hope and fear 275
 Is lost in anxious joy,) Be that again,

Be that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.

Loud and distinct it was again proclaim'd,

And still as midnight in the rural shade,

When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd. 280

A while severe amazement held them mute;

Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven
 From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.

On every hand rebellow'd to their joy

The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills: 285

Thro' all her turrets stately Corinth ‡ shook,

And, from the void above of shatter'd air,

The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.

What piercing bliss! how keen a sense of fame

Did then, Flaminius! reach thy inmost soul! 290

And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then

Escape the fondness of transported Greece!

† The King of Macedonia.

‡ The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
 They left the sports; like Bacchanals they flew,
 Each other straining in a strict embrace, 295
 Nor strain'd a slave; and loud acclaims till night
 Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.

Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours,
 And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,
 Their raptures wak'd anew.—“Ye Gods!” they cry'd,

“Ye guardian Gods of Greece! And are we free? 301

“Was it not madness deem'd the very thought?

“And is it true? How did we purchase chains?

“At what a dire expense of kindred blood?

“And are they now dissolv'd? and scarce one drop

“For the fair first of blessings have we paid? 306

“Courage and conduct in the doubtful field,

“When rages wide the storm of mingling war,

“Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends

“To turn success and conquest, rarer still; 310

“That the great Gods and Romans only know.

“Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown,

“A people so magnanimous, to quit

“Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,

“And by their blood and treasure, spent for us, 315

“Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws!

“There does! there does! Oh! Saviour Titus! Rome!”

Thus thro' the happy night they pour'd their souls,

And in My last-reflected beams rejoic'd.

As when the shepherd, on the mountain brow, 320

Sits piping to his flocks and game some kids,

Mean time the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,

Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam,

Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,

Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain;

To western worlds irrevocable roll'd, 326

Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray.

Here, interposing, I,—“Oh, Queen of Men!

“Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights

“Equal they live, tho' plac'd, for common good,

“Various, or in subjection or command, 331

“And that by common choice; alas! the scene,

" With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
 " Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
 Thus she pursu'd.—Near this great era, Rome 335
 Began to feel the swift approach of Fate,
 That now her vitals gain'd; still more and more
 Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
 And war with chains and desolation charg'd.
 From an unequal balance of her sons 340
 These fierce contentions sprung, and, as increas'd
 This hated inequality, more fierce
 They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd;
 Here by luxurious wants, by real there;
 And with this virtue every virtue sunk, 345
 As with the sliding rock the pile sustain'd.
 A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
 To fix the flying scale, and poise the state,
 On one side swell'd aristocratic Pride,
 With Usury, the villain whose fell gripe 350
 Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul;
 And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
 Mother of vice! while on the other crept
 A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd,
 Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds, 355
 As the proud feeder bade; inconstant, blind,
 Deserting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
 Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd
 Their headlong fury; but of him depriv'd,
 Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand. 360
 This firm Republic, that against the blast
 Of Opposition rose; that (like an oak,
 Nurs'd on ferocious Algidum, whose boughs
 Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe)
 By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself 365
 E'en force and spirit drew, smit with the calm,
 The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pin'd.
 Nought now her weighty legions could oppose.
 Her terror once, † on Afric's tawny shore,
 Now smok'd in dust, a stabling now for wolves; 370
 And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.

† Carthage.

Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd East,
 In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
 That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
 For the false joys which Luxury prepares : 375
 Unworthy joys ! that wasteful leave behind
 No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
 No secret ray to glad the conscious soul ;
 At once involving in one ruin wealth,
 And wealth-acquiring powers ; while stupid Self, 380
 Of narrow gust and hebetating sense,
 Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.
 Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth,
 Security relax'd the softening state,
 And the broad eye of Government lay clos'd. 385
 No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
 And public weal no more ; but party rag'd ;
 And partial power, and license unrestrain'd,
 Let Discord thro' the deathful City loose.
 First, mild Tiberius ! * on thy sacred head 390
 The Fury's vengeance fell ; the first whose blood
 Had since the Consuls stain'd contending Rome ;
 Of precedent pernicious ! With thee bled
 Three hundred Romans ; with thy brother, next,
 Three thousand more ; till into battles turn'd 395
 Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
 The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
 A scene of barter'd power or reeking gore :
 When, half ashamed, Corruption's thievish arts,
 And ruffian Force, began to sap the mounds 400
 And majesty of laws ; if not in time
 Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong,
 The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.

Thus luxury, dissension, a mix'd rage
 Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth, 405
 Want-wishing change, and waste-repairing war,
 Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
 Guilt unaton'd, profuse of blood Revenge,
 Corruption all avow'd, and lawless Force,
 Each heightening each, alternate shook the state. 410

† Tib. Gracchus.

Mean time Ambition, at the dazzling head
 Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
 And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
 Combin'd in various storm, and from its base
 The broad Republic tore. By Virtue built 415
 It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er sheltered earth
 An ample roof: by Virtue, too, sustain'd,
 And balanc'd steady, every tempest sung
 Innóxious by, or bade it firmer stand:
 But when, with sudden and enormous change, 420
 The first of mankind sunk into the last,
 As once in virtue, so in vice extreme,
 This universal fabric yielded loose,
 Before Ambition still; and thundering down,
 At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world. 425
 A conquering people, to themselves a prey,
 Must ever fall, when their victorious troops,
 In blood and rapine savage grown, can find
 No land to sack and pillage but their own.

By brutal Marius and keen Sylla first 430
 Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
 Unceasing woes began, and this or that
 (Deep drenching their revenge) nor virtue spar'd,
 Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
 Till Rome, into an human shambles turn'd, 435
 Made deserts lovely.—Oh! to well-earn'd chains,
 Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,
 No Scævola, there was, to raise for Me
 A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd
 Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age? 440
 No son a witness to his hoary fire
 In dust and gore defil'd? No friend, forlorn?
 No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself?
 None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
 Who, heaping horror round, no more deserv'd 445
 The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
 No: sad o'er all profound Dejection sat,
 And nerveless Fear. The slave's asylum theirs;
 Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
 Turns weak to slaughter, or partaken guilt, 450

In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
 An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
 And all unhop'd the Commonwealth restor'd,
 Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.
 Thro' streets yet streaming from his murderous hand
 Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd, 456
 And on the bed of peace his ashes laid;
 A grace which I to his demission gave.
 But with him died not the despotic soul:
 Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear 460
 A Master, nor had virtue to be free.
 Hence for succeeding years My troubled reign
 No certain peace, no spreading prospect, knew.
 Destruction gather'd round. Still the black soul
 Or of a Cataline or Rullus † swell'd 465
 With fell designs, and all the watchful art
 Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
 All the state-wielding magic of his tongue,
 And all the thunder of My Cato's zeal.
 With these I lingered, till the flame anew 470
 Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the world.
 The shameful contest sprung to whom mankind
 Should yield the neck: to Pompey, who conceal'd
 A rage impatient of an equal name;
 Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow 475
 O'er daring Vice deluding Virtue smil'd,
 And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.
 Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose.
 The venal will be bought, the base have lords.
 To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves, 480
 And from Philippi's field, from where in dust
 The last of Romans, matchless Brutus! lay,
 Spread to the North, untam'd, a rapid wing.
 What tho' the first smooth Cæsars arts caress'd,
 Merit and virtue, simulating Me? 485
 Severely tender! cruelly humane!
 The chain to clinch, and make it softer fit

† Pub. Servilius Rullus, Tribune of the people, proposed an Agrarian law, in
 appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty,
 and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against
 Rullus.

On the new-broken still ferocious state,
 From the dark Third,† succeeding, I beheld
 The imperial monsters all.—A race on earth 490
 Vindictive sent, the scourge of human-kind!
 Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world,
 Whose lust to forming Nature seems disgrace,
 And whose infernal rage bade every drop
 Of ancient blood that yet retain'd my flame, 495
 To that of Pætus‡ in the peaceful bath,
 O'er Rome's affrighted streets inglorious flow.
 But almost just the meanly-patient death
 That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.
 Titus, indeed, gave one short evening gleam, 500
 More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread
 Of storm and horror, the delight of men!
 He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
 Had made no happy heart, concluded lost:
 Trajan and he, with the mild Sire and Son,|| 505
 His Son of virtue! eas'd a while mankind,
 And Arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
 Then was their last effort: what Sculpture rais'd
 To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole,
 And mixt with Gothic forms, (the chissel's shame,)
 On that triumphal arch,§ the forms of Greece. 511
 Mean time o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
 Of gelid Hæmus, I pursu'd my flight,
 And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
 Sarmatia, ||| travers'd by a thousand streams: 515
 A sullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
 Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
 And cruel deserts, black with sounding pine,
 Where Nature frowns; tho' sometimes into smiles
 She softens, and immediate, at the touch 520

† Tiberius.

‡ Thrasea Pætus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus.—“After having inhumanly slaughtered so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last with a desire of cutting off Virtue itself in the person of Thrasea.” &c.

|| Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son, Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.

§ Constantine's arch, to build which that of Trajan was destroyed, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.

||| The ancient Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country, running all along the north of Europe and Asia.

Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
 Luxuriant pasture and a waste of flowers.
 But, cold-compress'd, when the whole loaded heaven
 Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt
 Lies undistinguish'd earth; and, seiz'd by frost, 525
 Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans, sleep.
 Yet there life glows; the furry millions there
 Deep dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows;
 And there a race of men prolific swarms,
 To various pain, to little pleasure, us'd; 530
 On whom, keen parching, beat Riphæan winds,
 Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,
 The nursery of nations!—These I rous'd,
 Drove land on land, on people people pour'd,
 Till from almost perpetual night they broke, 535
 As if in search of day, and o'er the banks
 Of yielding Empire, only slave-sustain'd,
 Restless rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by Me.

Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds
 Of Freedom lay for many a wintry age; 540
 And tho' My spirit work'd by slow degrees,
 Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd:
 Then was the night of time that parted worlds.
 I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
 Aërial, warn'd of rising winter, ride 545
 Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
 So, Arts and each good Genius in My train,
 I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to heaven.

In the bright regions there of purest day,
 Far other scenes and palaces arise, 550
 Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
 All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
 Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,
 Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble break
 The passing poor magnificence of kings: 555
 For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
 Calls every splendour forth; and there his court
 Amid ethereal powers and virtues holds;
 Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
 Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds. 560

But sacred be the veil that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals, wraps a view
Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
Must chearful toil out their appointed years.
A sense of higher life would only damp 565
The schoolboy's task, and spoil his playful hours:
Nor could the child of Reason, feeble Man!
With vigour thro' this infant being drudge,
Did brighter worlds, their unimagined bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind. 570



BRITAIN.

Liberty.

PART IV.

The Contents.

DIFFERENCE betwixt the Ancients and Moderns slightly touched upon, in ver. 30. Description of the dark ages. The Goddess of Liberty, who, during these is supposed to have left earth, returns, attended with Arts and Sciences, to ver. 100. She first descends on Italy. Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, fix at Rome, to revive their several Arts by the great models of Antiquity there, which many barbarous invasions had not been able to destroy. The revival of these Arts marked out. That sometimes Arts may flourish for a while under despotic governments, though never the natural and genuine production of them, to ver. 254. Learning begins to dawn. The Muse and Science attend Liberty, who, in her progress towards Great Britain, raises several free states and cities. These enumerated, to ver. 381. Author's exclamation of joy, upon seeing the British seas and coast rise in the Vision, which painted whatever the Goddess of Liberty said. She resumes her narration. The Genius of the Deep appears, and, addressing Liberty, associates Great Britain into his dominion, to ver. 451. Liberty received and congratulated by Britannia and the native Genii or Virtues of the island. These described. Animated by the presence of Liberty, they begin their operations. Their beneficent influence contrasted with the works and delusions of opposing demons, to ver. 626. Concludes with an abstract of the English history, marking the several advances of Liberty, down to her complete establishment at the Revolution.

STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I, amaz'd:
 " Ah! Goddess, what a change! Is earth the same?
 " Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds?
 " And does the same fair sun and æther spread
 " Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul?
 " Lo! Beauty fails; lost in unlovely forms
 " Of little pomp, Magnificence no more
 " Exalts the mind, and bids the Public smile;
 " While to rapacious interest Glory leaves
 " Mankind, and every grace of life is gone." 10
 To this the Power, whose vital radiance calls
 From the brute mass of man an order'd world.
 " Wait till the morning shines, and from the depth
 " Of Gothic darkness springs another day.
 " True, Genius droops; the tender ancient taste 15
 " Of Beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,
 " But faintly trembles thro' the callous soul,
 " And Grandeur, or of morals or of life,
 " Sinks into safe pursuits and creeping cares.
 " E'en cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight, 20
 " And aged Life to deem the generous deeds
 " Of youth romantic: yet in cooler thought

" Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep
 " Thro' Nature's works, in profitable arts,
 " And all that calm Experience can disclose, 25
 " (Slow guide, but sure) behold the world anew
 " Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd;
 " And, where My spirit wakes the finer powers,
 " Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom."
 Oblivious ages pass'd, while Earth, forsook 30
 By her best Genii, lay to Demons foul,
 And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.
 Contention led the van; first small of size,
 But, soon dilating, to the skies she towers:
 Then wide as air the livid fury spread, 35
 And, high her head above the stormy clouds,
 She blaz'd in omens, swell'd the groaning winds
 With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war:
 From land to land the madd'ning trumpet blew,
 And pour'd her venom thro' the heart of man. 40
 Shook to the Pole, the North obey'd her call.
 Forth rush'd the bloody Power of Gothic war,
 War against human-kind; Rapine, that led
 Millions of raging robbers in his train;
 Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword 45
 Is reason, honour, law; the Foe of Arts
 By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,
 That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with these
 Another species of tyrannic rule,*
 Unknown before, whose cancrous shackles seiz'd 50
 Th' envenom'd soul; a wilder Fury, she
 E'en o'er her elder Sister † tyranniz'd;
 Or if, perchance, agreed, inflam'd her rage.
 Dire was her train, and loud: the Sable Band
 Thund'ring—" Submit, ye Laity! ye Profane! 55
 " Earth is the Lord's, and therefore Ours: let kings
 " Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
 " If not, behold! the sacred light'ning flies!"
 Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,
 For science uttering jangling words obscure, 60
 Where frightened Reason never yet could dwell;

* Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny. † Civil tyranny.

Of peremptory feature, Cleric Pride,
 Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
 And Holy Siander, his associate firm,
 On whom the Lying Spirit still descends; 63
 Mother of tortures! Persecuting Zeal,
 High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
 Or poniard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
 Hell's fiercest fiend! of faintly brow demure,
 Assuming a celestial seraph's name, 70
 While she beneath the blasphemous pretence
 Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the Source of Love!
 Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
 Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,
 And wild of head to work her fell designs, 75
 Came Idiot Superstition; round with ears
 Innumerable strow'd, ten thousand Monkish forms
 With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
 To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
 And poison reason! gross, she swallows all, 80
 The most absurd believing ever most:
 Broad o'er the whole her universal night,
 The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.
 Nought to be seen but visionary Monks
 To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds; 85
 Banditti Saints, * disturbing distant lands,
 And unknown Nations, wandering for a home.
 All lay revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
 Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
 And arts of plunder more and more avow'd; 90
 Pure plain Devotion to a solemn farce; †
 To holy dotage Virtue, e'en to guile,
 To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
 Brave ancient Freedom to the rage ‡ of slaves,
 Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;
 Dishonour'd Courage to the bravo's trade, § 96
 To civil broil; and Glory to romance.
 Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
 And giddy Reason totter'd on her throne.

* Crusades.

† The corruptions of the church of Rome.

‡ Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chiefs.

§ Duelling.

At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme, 100
 Disclosing, bade new brightening eras smile.
 The high command gone forth, Arts in My train,
 And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread
 A sounding pinion. Eager Pity, mixt
 With Indignation, urg'd her downward flight. 105
 On Latium first we stoop'd, for doubtful life
 That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
 Ah! poor Italia! what a bitter cup
 Of vengeance hast thou drain'd? Goths, Vandals, Huns,
 Lombards, Barbarians broke from every land, 110
 How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld!
 What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
 Was all thy frightened ear could comprehend?
 How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
 Yet warm with brothers', husbands', fathers' blood,
 Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen 116
 To violation dragg'd, and mingled death?
 What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
 Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds,
 And, succourless and bare, the poor remains 120
 Of wretches forth to Nature's common cast?
 Added to these, the still continued waste
 Of inbred foes, * that on thy vitals prey,
 And double tyrants, seize the very soul.
 Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all? 125
 These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
 Heap'd sack on sack, and bury'd in their rage
 Wonders of Art? whence this grey scene a mine
 Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
 Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow. 130
 Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
 From ancient models to restore their arts,
 Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.
 Amid the hoary ruins Sculpture first,
 Deep digging, from the cavern dark and damp, 135
 Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
 Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
 And old Remembrance thrill'd in every thought,

* The Hierarchy.

As she the pleasing resurrection saw.
 In leaning site, respiring from his toils, 140
 The well-known hero, * who deliver'd Greece,
 His ample chest, all tempest'd with force,
 Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
 Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
 Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck; 145
 The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;
 The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
 Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.
 The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
 His beauteous front, and thro' the finish'd whole 150
 Shows what ideas smil'd of old in Greece.
 Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
 The Gladiator. † Pitylefs his look,
 And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,
 Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns. 155
 The Dying Other ‡ from the gloom she drew.
 Supported on his shorten'd arms he leans,
 Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate
 Heavy declines his head, yet dark beneath
 The suffering feature sullen Vengeance lours, 160
 Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
 And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
 All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python came
 The Quivered God. || In graceful act he stands,
 His arm extended with the slackened bow. 165
 Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
 A manly-loftened form. The bloom of gods
 Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave:
 His features yet heroic ardour warms;
 And sweet subsiding to a native smile, 170
 Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
 A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.
 On Flora mov'd, her full-proportion'd limbs
 Rise thro' the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
 The Queen of Love § arose, as from the deep 175

* The Hercules of Farnese.

† The Fighting Gladiator.

‡ The Dying Gladiator. || The Apollo of Belvidere. § The Venus of Medici.

She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
 Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
 Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
 Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
 Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love. 180
 The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
 As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
 So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,
 That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
 At last her utmost Masterpiece * she found, 185
 That Maro fir'd; † the miserable fire,
 Wrapt with his sons in Fate's severest grasp.
 The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
 Inextricable tie. Such passion here!
 Such agonies! Such bitterness of pain! 190
 Seem so to tremble thro' the tortur'd stone,
 That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
 Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass
 That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
 On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize; 195
 The father's double pangs, both for himself
 And sons convuls'd; to Heaven his rueful look,
 Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
 His fell despair with indignation mixt,
 As the strong-curling monsters from his side 200
 His full-extended fury cannot tear.
 More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
 All the soft rage of younger passions show:
 In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd,
 While, yet unpierc'd, the frightened other tries 205
 His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

She bore no more, but straight from Gothic rust
 Her chissel clear'd, and dust and fragments drove
 Impetuous round. ‡ Successive as it went
 From son to son, with more enlivening touch, 210
 From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form,
 Till, in a legislator's awful grace

* The group of Laocoon and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.

† See *Aeneid* II. ver. 197,---227

‡ It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, the most celebrated master in modern sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspiration, or enthusiastic fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

Dress'd, Buonaroti bid a Moses † rise,
 And, looking love immense, a Saviour God. †
 Of these observant, Painting felt the fire 215
 Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffus'd
 The canvass, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
 The colours brew'd, and on the void expanse
 Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
 Poor was the manner of her eldest race, 220
 Barren and dry, just struggling from the taste,
 That had for ages scar'd in cloisters dim
 The superstitious herd; yet glorious then
 Were deem'd their works, where undevelop'd lay
 The future wonders that enrich'd mankind, 225
 And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.
 Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this
 To each his portion of her various gifts
 The goddess dealt, to none indulging all;
 No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still 230
 Perfection stands, like Happiness, to tempt
 Th' eternal chase. In elegant design
 Improving Nature, in ideas fair,
 Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
 In attitude, expression, airs divine, 235
 Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
 To those of Venice she the magic art
 Of colours melting into colours gave.
 'Theirs, too, it was, by one embracing mass
 Of light and shade, that settles round the whole, 240
 Or varies tremulous from part to part,
 O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
 To raise the picture and repose the sight.
 The Lombard school ‡ succeeding mingled both.
 Mean time dread fanes and palaces around 245
 Rear'd the magnific front. Music again
 Her universal language of the heart
 Renew'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
 To the full concert spread, and solemn quite.
 E'en bigots smil'd, to their protection took 250
 Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:

† Esteemed the two finest pieces of modern sculpture.

‡ The school of the Caracci.

For in a tyrant's garden these a while
May bloom, tho' Freedom be their parent soil.

And now confest, with gently glowing gleam
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.
The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing 256
Is the gay bird of dawn: artless her voice,
Untaught, and wild, yet warbling thro' the woods
Romantic lays: but as her northern course
She, with her tutor Science, in My train 260
Ardent pursu'd, her strains more noble grew;
While Reason drew the plan, the Heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.

Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn. 265
On Arno's fertile plain, * where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,
I small republics rais'd. † Thrice happy they!
Had social Freedom bound their peace, and Arts,
Instead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them, 271
Employ'd their little cares, and sav'd their fate.

Beyond the ragged Apennines, that roll
Far thro' Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path, too, I with public blessings strow'd; 275
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.

The barren rocks themselves, beneath my foot,
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore. 281
Thick-swarming people there, ‡ like emmets, seiz'd
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,
Which Nature left in her destroying rage, §
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands. 285
There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill

* The river Arno runs through Florence.

† The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably subject to the Great Duke of Tuscany, except it be Lucca, which still maintains the form of a republic.

‡ The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages, for the most part, lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

§ According to Dr. Burnet's system of the deluge.

Gradual descending to the sheltered shore,
 By Me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose;
 And while My genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
 Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she 290
 Vy'd for the trident of the narrow seas,
 Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.

Nor be the then triumphant state * forgot,
 Where, push'd from plunder'd earth, † a remnant still,
 Inspir'd by Me, thro' the dark ages kept 295
 Of My old Roman flame some sparks alive:
 The seeming god-built city! which My hand
 Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.

Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,
 Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd, 300
 And down the briny street, where on each hand,

Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
 The splendid palace shines, and rising tides,
 The green steps marking, murmur at the door.

To this fair Queen of Adria's stormy gulf, 305
 The mart of nations! long obedient seas
 Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East;

But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
 (Whose shar'd oppression lightens as diffus'd)
 Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose; 310

The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
 They, jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains:

The softer shackles of luxurious ease
 They likewise added, to secure their sway. 315

Thus Venice fainter shines, and Commerce thus,
 Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail:

Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took
 A larger circle, ‡ found another seat, ||

Opening a thousand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
 Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons. 321

* Venice was the most flourishing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, and America, were discovered.

† Those who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic gulf, from the desolation spread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, first founded there this famous City, about the beginning of the fifth century.

‡ The main ocean. || Great Britain.

The mountains, then, clad with eternal snow,
 Confess'd My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
 By Nature thrown insuperable round,
 I planted there a League of friendly states,* 325
 And bade plain Freedom their ambition be.
 There in the vale, where rural Plenty fills,
 From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
 Chief where the Leman† pure emits the Rhone,
 Rare to be seen! unguilty cities rise, 330
 Cities of brothers form'd; while equal life,
 Accorded gracious with revolving power,
 Maintains them free, and in their happy streets
 Nor cruel deed nor misery is known:
 For valour, faith, and innocence of life, 335
 Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
 Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
 And press their culture on retiring snows,
 But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
 They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss 340
 Of mercenary force, how to defend
 The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
 And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.

E'en, cheer'd by Me, their shaggy mountains charm,
 More than or Gallic or Italian plains, 345
 And sickening Fancy oft', when absent long,
 Pines to behold their Alpine views again: ‡
 The hollow-winding stream, the vale, fair-spread
 Amid an amphitheatre of hills,
 Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs;
 From steep to steep ascending, the gay train 351
 Of fogs, thick roll'd into romantic shapes;
 The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd,
 And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright
 A gemmy shower; hung o'er amazing rocks, 355
 The mountain-ash, and solemn sounding pine;
 The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes, toils'd

* The Swiss Cantons.

† Geneva, situated on the *Lacus Lemanus*, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

‡ The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss Sickness.

Down to the clear ethereal lake below ;
 And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,
 The mountain fading into sky, where shines 360
 On winter Winter shivering, and whose top
 Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

From these descending, as I wav'd my course
 O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
 Of hardy men and hearts affronting death, 365
 I gave some favour'd cities * there to lift
 A nobler brow, and thro' their swarming streets,
 More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,
 In each contented face to look My soul.

Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,
 To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound, 371
 There I the manly race, † the parent-hive
 Of the mixt kingdoms, form'd into a state
 More regularly free. By keener air
 Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost, 375
 Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those
 Whole only terror was a bloodless death ; ‡
 They, wise and dauntless, still sustain My cause.
 Yet there I fix'd not : turning to the South,
 The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay. 380

Here, with the shifted Vision, burst my joy.

" O the dear prospect ! O majestic view !
 " See Britain's Empire ! Lo ! the watry vast
 " Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.
 " And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,
 " Emerging white from deeps of æther, dawn 386
 " My kindred cliffs ; whence, wafted in the gale,
 " Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.
 " Goddess ! forgive—My heart, surpriz'd, o'erflows
 " With filial fondness for the land you bless." 390
 As parents to a child complacent deign
 Approvance, the celestial Brightness smil'd :
 Then thus—As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
 To My near reign, the happy Isle, I steer'd
 With easy wing, behold ! from surge to surge 395
 Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep ;

* The Hans towns.

† The Swedes.

‡ See note on ver. 679.

Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung;
 Thick flashing meteors crown'd his starry head;
 And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
 Or from it stream'd compress'd the gloomy cloud. 400
 Where'er he look'd the trembling waves recoil'd:
 He needs but strike the conscious flood, and, shook
 From shore to shore, in agitation dire,
 It works his dreadful will. To Me his voice
 (Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls
 Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main) 405
 Address'd, began—" By Fate commission'd, go,
 " My Sister Goddess, now, to yon' blest Isle,
 " Henceforth the partner of my rough domain.
 " All my dread walks to Britons open lie. 410
 " Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn
 " Or yellow evening flame; those that profuse,
 " Drunk by equator suns, severely shine;
 " Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
 " In billows rolling into Alps of ice: 415
 " E'en yet, untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
 " The vast Pacific, that on other worlds,
 " Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
 " Long I maintain'd, inviolate, my reign;
 " Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæsars, brav'd. 420
 " Still in the crook of shore, the coward sail
 " Till now low-crept, and peddling Commerce ply'd
 " Between near-joining lands. For Britons, chief,
 " It was reserv'd, with star directed prow
 " To dare the middle deep, and drive assur'd 425
 " To distant nations thro' the pathless main.
 " Chief for their fearless hearts the glory waits,
 " Long months from land, while the black stormy night
 " Around them rages, on the groaning mast
 " With unshook knee to know their giddy way; 430
 " To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing wave;
 " To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
 " By deep Invention's keen pervading eye,
 " The heart of Courage, and the hand of Toil,
 " Each conquer'd ocean staining with their blood,
 " Instead of treasure robb'd by Russian War, 436

" Round social earth to circle fair exchange,
 " And bind the nations in a golden chain.
 " To these I honour'd stoop. Rushing to light
 " A race of men behold! whose daring deeds 440
 " Will in renown exalt my nameless plains
 " O'er those of fabling Earth, as her's to mine
 " In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart
 " Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul
 " Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb, 445
 " And might in spite of me my kingdom force."
 Here waiting no reply, the shadowy Power
 Eas'd the dark sky, and to the deeps return'd;
 While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
 Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia's shore. 450
 Of this encounter glad, My way to land
 I quick pursu'd, that from the smiling sea
 Receiv'd Me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard,
 And music more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
 With pleas'd astonishment the lab'ring hind, 455
 Who for a while th' unfinish'd furrow left,
 And let the listening steer forget his toil.
 Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breath'd,
 And her aerial train, these sounds of joy;
 For of old time, since first the rushing flood, 460
 Urg'd by Almighty pow'r, this favour'd Isle
 Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,
 Indented shore to shore responsive still,
 Its guardian she—The goddess whose flaid eye
 Beams the dark azure of the doubtless dawn. 465
 Her tresses, like a flood of softened light,
 Thro' clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
 Warm on her cheek sits Beauty's brightest rose.
 Of high demeanor, stately, shedding grace
 With every motion. Full her rising chest; 470
 And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
 Charm'd Sculpture taking, might improve her art.
 Such the fair guardian of an Isle that boasts,
 Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.
 High-shining on the promontory's brow, 475
 Awaiting Me, she stood; with hope inflam'd,

By My mixt spirit burning in her sons,
To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.

The native Genii round her radiant smil'd.
Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm, 480
Unboastful, suffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmless as the sporting child;
But, on just reason, once his fury rous'd,
No lion springs more eager to his prey:
Blood is a pastime! and his heart, elate, 485
Knows no depressing fear. That Virtue known
By the relenting look, whose equal heart
For others feels, as for another self:
Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action the kind sense within; 490
Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
The lost to reason, the declin'd in life,
The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,
And the grey second infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live, 495
A sight to gladden heaven! whether she stands
Fair beck'ning at the hospitable gate,
And bids the stranger take repose and joy;
Whether, to solace honest labour, she
Rejoices those that make the land rejoice; 500
Or whether to Philosophy and Arts
(At once the basis and the finish'd pride
Of government and life) she spreads her hand,
Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all. 505
Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
The mother of the state! No low revenge,
No turbid passions in her breast ferment;
Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
As the last woe that can afflict mankind, 510
She punishment awards; yet of the good
More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himself
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land! 515
Where reigns alone this justice of the Free!

'Mid the bright group Sincerity his front,
Diffusive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye,
The fount of truth. The thoughtful Power, apart,
Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard, 520
Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.
The Genius he whence Britain shines supreme,
The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
He, too, the fire of Fancy feeds intense,
With all the train of passions thence deriv'd; 525
Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
Near him Retirement, pointing to the shade,
And Independence, stood: the generous pair
That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove, 530
And the still raptures of the freeborn soul,
To eates prefer by Virtue bought, not earn'd;
Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys, of slaves.
Or should the latter, to the public scene 535
Demanded, quit his sylvan friend a while,
Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
His zeal, still active for the common weal;
Nor stormy tyrants, nor Corruption's tools,
Foul ministers, dark-working by the force 540
Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly scorns; and if he must betray
His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
A moment's parley were eternal shame: 545
Illustrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
Aloof the bashful Virtue hover'd coy, 550
Proving by sweet distrust distrust'd worth:
Rough Labour clos'd the train; and in his hand
Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,
And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd; 555
Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there

No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall:
 E'en in the very luxury of rage,
 He, soft'ning, can forgive a gallant foe;
 The nerve, support, and glory of the land! 560
 Nor be Religion, rational and free,
 Here pass'd in silence, whose enraptur'd eye
 Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
 Link'd to divine; who not from servile fear,
 By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit, 565
 The God of Love adores, but from a heart
 Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
 That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
 Of fearless confidence that smiles serene;
 That lives devotion, one continual hymn, 570
 And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty most
 Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful Power
 O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.

I joy'd to join the Virtues whence My reign
 O'er Albion was to rise. Each cheering each, 575
 And, like the planets circling from the sun,
 All borrowing beams from Me, a heighten'd zeal
 Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
 Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
 Pass'd not in mutual hails, but thro' the land 580
 Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.

The Virtues conquer with a single look.
 Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
 Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
 That the soul, won, enamour'd, and refin'd, 585
 Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
 Hence the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,
 Would still from us deluded mortals wrap;
 Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,
 Or by the fogs of Prejudice, where mix 590
 Falshood and Truth confounded, foil the sense
 With vain refracted images of blifs.
 But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
 They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
 Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade 595
 Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den

Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
That vex the swain, and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud :

Yet there We sometimes send a searching ray. 600

As at the sacred opening of the morn

The prowling race retire, so, pierc'd severe,

Before our potent blaze these Demons fly,

And all their works dissolve.—The whisper'd Tale,

That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows; 605

Fair-fac'd Deceit, whose wily conscious eye

Ne'er looks direct; the Tongue that licks the dust,

But, when it falsely dares, as prompt to sting;

Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose tell tears

Ensnare; the Janus face of courtly Pride, 610

One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,

On hapless Worth the other scowls disdain;

Cheeks that for some weak tenderness alone,

Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush; the Laugh

Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart,

At starving Virtue, and at Virtue's fools; 616

Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith;

Nay, more, the Godless Oath, that knows no tie;

Soft-buzzing Slander; silky moths, that eat

An honest name; the harpy hand and maw 620

Of avaricious Luxury, who makes

The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,

And, by his service, who betrays his king.

Now turn your view, and mark, from Celtic * night

To present grandeur, how My Britain rose. 625

Bold were those Britons who, the careless sons

Of Nature, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once

Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,

And the gay circle of their wood-land wars;

For by the Druid taught, † that death but shifts 630

The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd;

And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare

An ill-fav'd life, that must again return.

Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant Force,

* Great Britain was peopled by the Celts or Gauls.

† The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

And still more tyrant Custom, unsubdu'd, 635
 Man knows no master save creating Heaven,
 Or such as choice and common good ordain.
 This general sense, with which the nations I
 Promiscuous fire, in Britons burn'd intense,
 Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome! 640
 Who saw'st thy Cæsar, from the naked land,
 Whose only fort was British hearts, repell'd,
 To seek Pharsalian wreaths. Witness the toil,
 The blood of ages, bootless to secure,
 Beneath an Empire's yoke, * a stubborn Isle, 645
 Disputed hard, and never quite subdu'd.
 The North † remain'd untouch'd, where those who
 To stoop retir'd; and to their keen effort [icorn'd
 Yielding at last, recoil'd the Roman power. 650
 From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd
 The wall immense, ‡ and yet, on summer's eve,
 While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze.
 Continual o'er it burst the northern storm, §
 As often, check'd, receded, threatening hoarse 655
 A swift return. But the devouring flood
 No more endur'd controul, when, to support
 The last remains of empire, ¶ was recall'd
 The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
 Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk. 660
 Great proof how men enfeeble into slaves!
 The sword behind him flash'd; before him roar'd,
 Deaf to his woes, the deep. †† Forlorn, around
 He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
 As when Caractacus ‡‡ to battle led 665

* The Roman Empire.

† Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts, whither a great many Britons, who would not submit to the Romans, retired.

‡ The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite cross the country from the mouth of the T. ne to Solway Frith.

§ Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

¶ The Roman Empire being miserably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

†† The Britons, applying to Aëtius, the Roman general, for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition. — "We know not which way to turn us.

"The Barbarians drive us to sea, and the sea forces us back to the Barbarians;
 "between which we have only the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed
 "up by the waves, or butchered by the sword."

‡‡ King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons; they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.

Silurian swains, and Boadicea * taught
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.

Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast that hears
The German ocean roar, deep blooming, strong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd Saxon came. 670
He came implor'd, but came with other aim
Than to protect: for conquest and defence
Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream,
Blood where, unquell'd, a mighty spirit glow'd: 675
Rash war and perilous battle their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
Unpeaceful death their choice †: deriving thence
A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls,
In Odin's hall, whose blazing roof resounds 680
The genial uproar of those shades who fall
In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt;
And tho' more polish'd times the martial creed
Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
Nor were the surly gifts of war their all: 685
Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent Laws,
The calm gradations of art-nursing Peace,
And matchless Orders, the deep basis still
On which ascends My British reign. Untam'd
To the refining subtleties of slaves, 690
They brought an happy government along,
Form'd by that Freedom which, with secret voice,
Impartial Nature teaches all her sons,
And which of old thro' the whole Scythian mass
I strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state, 695
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise

* Queen of the Iceni. Her story is well known.

† It is certain that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the conquest of their neighbours, and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their God of War, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain, according to the number of whom every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained. Sir W. Temple's *Essay on Heroic Virtue*.

Of each harmonious power, only too much
Imperious War into their rule infus'd,
Prevail'd the General-king, and Chieftain-thanes.

In many a field, by civil fury stain'd, 700
Bled the discordant Heptarchy, † and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd,
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
Egbert ‡ and Peace on one united throne.

No sooner dawn'd the fair-disclosing calm 705
Of brighter days, when, lo! the North anew,
With stormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the severest e'er a people felt.

The Danish Raven, § lur'd by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet 710
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore

The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
Far seen, the Demon of devouring Flame,
Rapine and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart; 715

While close behind them march'd the fallow Power
Of desolating Famine, who delights
In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields;
And purple-spotted Pestilence, by whom
E'en friendship scar'd, in sickening horror sinks 720
Each social sense and tenderness of life.

Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with superior arm the Saxon aw'd. 725

But superstition first, and Monkish dreams,
And Monk-directed cloister-seeking kings,
Had ate away his vigour, ate away
His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul
Of conquering Freedom, which he once respir'd. 730
Thus cruel ages pass'd, and rare appear'd

† The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief or monarch, and by the means of an assembly-general, or *wittenagemot*.

‡ Egbert, king of Wessex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.

§ A famous Danish standard was called *Reafan*, or Raven. The Danes imagined that before a battle, the Raven wrought upon this standard clapt its wings, or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

White mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
 As when, with Alfred, † from the wilds she came
 To polic'd cities and protected plains.
 Thus by degrees the Saxon Empire sunk, 735
 Then set entire in Hastings' bloody field. ‡

Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
 So Fate ordain'd) in that decisive day
 The haughty Norman seiz'd at once an Isle,
 For which thro' many a century, in vain, 740
 The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
 Of Gothic nations this the final burst;
 And, mix'd the genius of these people all,
 Their virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,
 Here the rich tide of English blood grew full. 745

A while My spirit slept; the land a while,
 Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
 Instead of Edward's equal gentle laws, §
 The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
 All prostrate lay; and in the secret shade, 750
 Deep stung, but fearful, Indignation gnash'd
 His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
 And of their bulwark, arms; with castles crush'd,
 With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land,
 The shivering wretches, at the curfeu ¶ sound, 755
 Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,
 And thro' the mournful gloom of antient times
 Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better. E'en to feed
 A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starv'd:
 To the wild heid the pasture of the tame, 760
 The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
 And the brown forest †† roughened wide around.

But this so dead, so vile submission, long
 Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual flame

† Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace, for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of juries.

‡ The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. the last of the Saxon kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.

§ Edward III. the Confessor, who reduced the West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws into one body, which, from that time, became common to all England, under the name of The Laws of Edward.

¶ The curfeu bell, (from the French *curfew* *feu*,) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles under the penalty of a severe fine.

†† The New Forest in Hampshire, to make which the country for above thirty miles in compass was laid waste.

Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway, 765
 Unus'd to bend, impatient of controul,
 Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
 The Church, by kings intractable and fierce,
 Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd state,
 Or tempted by the timorous and weak, 770
 To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.
 The Barons next a nobler league began;
 Both those of English and of Norman race,
 In one fraternal nation blended now,
 The nation of the Free! press'd by a band 775
 Of patriots, † ardent as the summer's noon
 That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!
 Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
 His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
 And gives the Charter, by which life, indeed, 780
 Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

Thro' this and thro' succeeding reigns affirm'd
 These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds
 Of Opposition hence began to blow, †
 And often since have lent the country life. 785
 Before their breath Corruption's insect-blights,
 The darkening clouds of evil council, fly;
 Or should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
 A pestilential ministry, they purge,
 And ventilated states renew their bloom. 790

Tho' with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
 Aristocratic sway, the people still,
 Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
 No full protection knew. For Me reserv'd,
 And for my Commons, was that glorious turn. 795
 They crown'd my first attempt, in senates rôle §

† On the 3th of June, 1215, King John, met by the Barons on Runnemede, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or *Magna Charta*.

† The league formed by the Barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the king.

§ The Commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the III'd's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgesses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn to fix the original of the House of Commons to that era.

The fort of Freedom! Slow, till then, alone,
 Had work'd that general Liberty, that soul
 Which generous Nature breathes, and which, when
 By Me to bondage, was corrupted Rome, [left
 I thro' the Northern nations wide diffus'd: 801

Hence many a people, fierce with Freedom, rush'd
 From the rude iron regions of the North,
 To Libyan deserts swarm protruding swarm,
 And pour'd new spirit thro' a slavish world. 805

Yet o'er these Gothic states the king and chiefs
 Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
 And with enormous property engross'd
 The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore,
 Now present, I to raise my reign began 810

By raising the democracy, the third
 And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
 Then was the full, the perfect plan disclos'd
 Of Britain's matchless Constitution, mixt

Of mutual checking and supporting powers, 815
 King, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of Free
 Deserving while the Vassal many droop'd:
 For since the moment of the whole they form,

So, as depress'd or rais'd, the balance they
 Of public welfare and of glory cast. 820
 Mark from this period the continual proof.

When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
 Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves,
 Proudly regardless of their peoples' plaints,
 And poorly passive of insulting foes; 825

Double, not prudent; obstinate, not firm;
 Their mercy fear, necessity their faith;
 Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot;
 Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;

Tyrants at once and slaves; imperious, mean; 830
 To want rapacious joining shameful waste;
 By counsels weak and wicked, easily rous'd
 To paltry schemes of absolute command,

To seek their splendour in their sure disgrace,
 And in a broken ruin'd people wealth; 835
 When such o'ercait the state, no bond of love,

No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve;
 Combin'd the loose disjointed public, lost
 To fame abroad, to happiness at home.

But when an Edward † and an Henry ‡ breath'd 840
 Thro' the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul,
 Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
 When wide-attracted Merit round them glow'd;
 When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
 Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept 845
 Some ruling point in view; when, on the stock
 Of public good and glory grafted, spread
 Their palms, their laurels; or, if thence they stray'd,
 Swift to return, and patient of restraint;
 When regal state, pre-eminence of place, 850
 They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
 To be luxurious drones, that only rob
 The busy hive, as in distinction, power,
 Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first;
 When they, too, claim'd in virtue, danger, toil, 855
 Superior rank, with equal hand prepar'd
 To guard the subject and to quell the foe;
 When such with Me their vital influence shed,
 No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard;
 No soul distrust thro' wary senates ran, 860
 Confin'd their bounty, and their ardour quench'd;
 On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given;
 Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
 Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd;
 And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt § proclaim 865
 What kings, supported by almighty Love,
 And people, fir'd with Liberty, can do.

Be veil'd the savage reigns, || when kindred rage,
 The numerous-once Plantagenet devour'd,
 A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd 870
 By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
 My quivering flame: but in the next, behold!
 A cautious tyrant † lend it oil anew.

† Edward III.

‡ Henry V.

§ Three famous battles gained by the English over the French.

|| During the Civil wars betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.

† Henry VII.

Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
 As how to fix his throne he jealous cast 875
 His crafty views around, pierc'd with a ray,
 Which on his timid mind I darted full,
 He mark'd the Barons of excessive sway,
 At pleasure making and unmaking kings; §
 And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd
 A law that let them, by the silent waste 881
 Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse, †
 And with that wealth their implicated power.
 By soft degrees a mighty change ensu'd,
 E'en working to this day. With streams deduc'd 885
 From these diminish'd floods the country smil'd:
 As when, impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
 To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
 While undivided, oft' with wasteful sweep,
 He foams along; but thro' Batavian meads, 890
 Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows,
 Waters a thousand fields, and culture, trade,
 Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
 A rich, a wondrous landscape, rises round.
 His furious son * the soul-enslaving chain, † 895
 Which many a doting venerable age
 Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
 Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
 From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
 Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds, 900
 To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind;
 And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
 Of blood and horror. The returning light,
 That first thro' Wickliff ‡ streak'd the priestly gloom,
 Now burst in open day. Bar'd to the blaze, 905
 Forth from the haunts of Superstition §§ crawl'd
 Her motley sons, fantastic figures all,

§ The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called The king maker.

† Permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.

* Henry VIII.

† Of papal dominion.

‡ John Wickliff, Doctor of Divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the Papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called *Lollards*.

§§ Suppression of monasteries.

And, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.

Trade join'd to these, on every sea display'd 910
A daring canvas, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other worlds † were roll'd
The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,
By the plain Indian happily despis'd,
Yet work'd his woe; and to the blissful groves, 915
Where Nature liv'd herself among her sons,
And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
The worst the zeal-inflam'd Barbarian drew.
Be no such horrid commerce, Britain! thine, 920
But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

The Commons, thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
Against the Barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
Amid these doubtful motions, steady gave
The beam to fix. She! like the Secret Eye 925
That never closes on a guarded world,
So sought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the public good,
That, self-supported, without one ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
Inspir'd by Me, beneath her sheltering arm, 930
In spite of raging universal sway,*
And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic states,
My bulwark on the continent, arose.
Matchless in all the spirit of her days!
With confidence unbounded, fearless love 935
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Cheerful demanded the long-threatened Fleet, §
And dash'd the pride of Spain around their Isle.
Nor ceas'd the British thunder here to rage:
The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call; 940
In fire and smook Iberian ports involv'd,
The trembling foe e'en to the centre shook
Of their new-conquer'd world, and sculking stole,
By veering winds, their Indian treasure home.

† The Spanish West Indies.

* The dominion of the House of Austria.

§ The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that, after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Meantime, peace, plenty, justice, science, arts, 945
With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.

As yet uncircumscrib'd the regal power,
And wild and vague Prerogative remain'd,
A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft
The helpless subject lay. This to reduce 950
'To the just limit was My great effort.

By means that evil seem to narrow man,
Superior beings work their mystic will:
From storm and trouble thus a settled calm
At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smil'd. 955

The gathering tempest, Heaven-commission'd, came,
Came in the Prince * who, drunk with flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific counsels rul'd the world;
Tho' scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
Of fruitless treaties, while at home enslav'd, 960
And by a worthless crew, insatiate, drain'd,
He lost his peoples' confidence and love:

Irreparable loss! whence crowns become
An anxious burden. Years inglorious pass'd;
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd; 965
Abandon'd Frederick † pin'd, and Raleigh bled:

But nothing that to these internal broils,
That rancour, he began; while lawless Sway
He, with his slavish Doctors, try'd to rear
On metaphysic, on enchanted ground, ‡ 970

And all the mazy quibbles of the schools!
As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.

Vain the pretence! not so the dire effect,
The fierce the foolish discord thence deriv'd, || 975
That tears the country still, by party-rage
And ministerial clamour kept alive.

In action weak, and for the wordy war
Best fitted, faint this prince pursu'd his claim;

* James I.

† Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen King of Bohemia, but was strip
of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James I.
his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a
peace.

‡ The monstrous and till then unheard of doctrines of divine indefeasible heredi-
tary right, passive obedience, &c.

|| The parties of Whig and Tory.

Content to teach the subject-herd how great, 980
How sacred he! how despicable they!

But his unyielding son * these doctrines drank
With all a bigot's rage, (who never damps
By reasoning his fire,) and what they taught,
Warm and tenacious, into practice push'd. 985
Senates, in vain, their kind restraint apply'd:
The more they struggled to support the laws,
His justice-dreading ministers the more
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the check
Of faithful Love, and with the flattery pleas'd 990
Of false designing Guilt, the fountain † he
Of public Wisdom and of Justice shut.

Wide mourn'd the land. Straight to the voted aid
Free, cordial, large, of never failing source,
Th' illegal imposition follow'd harsh, 995
With execration given, or ruthless squeez'd
From an insulted people, by a band
Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting train: informers, spies, 1000
Bloodhounds, that sturdy Freedom to the grove
Pursue; projectors of aggrieving schemes,
Commerce ‡ to load for unprotected seas,
To sell the starving many to the few, ||

And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land. 1005
E'en from that place whence healing peace should flow,
And gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed
Their poison round; § and on the venal bench,
Instead of Justice, Party held the scale,
And Violence the sword. Afflicted years, 1010
Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.

Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear
And mingled rage, My Hampden rais'd his voice,
And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
In judgment sate, behov'd some other ear; 1015

* Charles I. † Parliaments. ‡ Ship-money. || Monopolies.

§ The raging High Church sermons of these times, inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the Court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and state Puritans.

When instant from the keen resentive North,
 By long oppression, by religion rous'd,
 The guardian army came: Beneath its wing
 Was call'd, tho' meant to furnish hostile aid,
 The more than Roman senate. There a flame
 Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the land
 In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
 Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,
 While, full of Me, each agitated soul
 Strung every nerve, and flam'd in every eye,
 Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd!
 Such heads and hearts! such dreadful zeal,
 By calm majestic Wisdom, taught its course
 What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fir'd
 With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere
 To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
 And for the future to secure their sway.

This, then, the purpose of My mildest sons:
 But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
 (Chief should the breath of factious Fury blow,
 With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell'd)
 Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
 From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
 In heightened blaze, and, ever wise and just,
 High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm.
 Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt,
 And by Confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,
 King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground,
 Successive, rush'd.—Lo! from their ashes rose,
 Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phoenix-state.

The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
 Of private life, lay by those flames dissolv'd;
 And from the wasteful, the luxurious king,
 Was purchas'd † that which taught the young to bend.
 Stronger restor'd, the Commons tax'd the whole,
 And built on that eternal rock their power.
 The crown, of its hereditary wealth
 Despoil'd, on Senates more dependent grew,

* At the Restoration.

† Charles II.

‡ Court of Wards.

And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
 And in full vigour spread that bitter root, 1055
 The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
 Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.
 This wild delusive cant, the rash cabal
 Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey,
 The bigot, restless in a double chain 1060
 To bind a-new the land, the constant need
 Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
 And flattering senates to supply his waste;
 These tore some moments from the careless Prince,
 And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan. 1065
 By dangerous softness long he min'd his way;
 By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
 By sharing what Corruption shower'd profuse;
 By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
 And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive. 1070

At last subsided the delirious joy,
 On whose high billow, from the saintly reign,
 The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
 Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold,
 The port pernicious sold, ¶ the Scylla since, 1075
 And sell Charybdis, of the British seas;
 Freedom attack'd abroad, † with surer blow
 To cut it off at home; the Saviour-League ‡
 Of Europe broke; the progress e'en advanc'd
 Of universal sway, || which to reduce 1080
 Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
 The millions by a generous people given,
 Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
 And awe the land with forces not their own, §
 Employ'd; the darling Church herself betray'd;
 All these, broad glaring, op'd the general eye, 1086
 And wak'd My spirit, the resisting soul.

Mild was, at first, and half asham'd, the check
 Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
 Of absolute submission, tenets vile! 1090

¶ Dunkirk. † The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

‡ The Triple Alliance.

|| Under Lewis XIV.

§ A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

Which slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd
 To practice, always honest Nature shock.
 Not e'en the mask remov'd, and the fierce front
 Of Tyranny disclos'd, nor trampled laws,
 Nor seiz'd each badge of Freedom * thro' the land,
 Nor Sidney bleeding for th' unpublisch'd page, 1096
 Nor on the bench avow'd Corruption plac'd,
 And murderous Rage itself, in Jefferies' form,
 Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
 Cruel and false, could raise the public arm. 1100
 Distrustful, scattered, of combining chiefs
 Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious War,
 The patient Public turns not, till impell'd
 To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
 The bigot king, † and hurry'd fated on 1105
 His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
 Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scar'd
 The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
 To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
 Of Smithfield lightened in its eyes anew. 1110
 Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
 Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage:
 As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
 Awfully still, waiting the high command
 To spring. Straight from his country, Europe sav'd,
 To save Britannia, lo! my darling son. 1116
 Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
 Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep,
 By demons rous'd, and bade the lifted winds, ‡
 Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath, 1120
 Waft the Deliverer to the longing shore.
 See! wide alive, the foaming channel || bright
 With swelling sails, and all the pride of War,

* The charters of corporations. † James II.

‡ The Prince of Orange, in his passage to England, tho' his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

|| Rapin, in his history of England. — The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay by between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war. It is easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

Delightful view! when Justice draws the sword:
 And mark! diffusing ardent soul around, 1135
 And sweet contempt of death, My streaming flag.*
 E'en adverse navies † blest'd the binding gale,
 Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
 Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waste of arms,
 His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host! ‡
 For once, in yielding their best victory found, 1131
 And by desertion prov'd exalted faith;
 While his, the bloodless conquest of the heart,
 Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.
 Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine 1135
 The surge of wild Prerogative, to raise
 A mound restraining its imperious rage,
 And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
 Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
 Better than Belgian plains without their dykes, 1140
 Sustaining weighty seas. This, often sav'd
 By more than human hand, the Public saw,
 And seized the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to yield||
 Destructive power, a wise heroic prince §
 E'en lent his aid.—Thrice happy! did they know
 Their happiness, Britannia's bounded kings. 1146
 What tho' not theirs the boast, in dungeon-glooms
 To plunge bold Freedom? or to cheerless wilds
 To drive him from the cordial face of friend?
 Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour, 1150
 By mandate blind, not Justice, that delights
 To dare the keenest eye of open day?
 What tho' no glory to controul the laws,
 And make injurious will their only rule,
 They deem it? what tho', tools of wanton power,
 Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call? 1156
 What tho' they give not a relentless crew
 Of Civil Furies proud Oppression's fangs?
 To tear at pleasure the dejected land,

* The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their Highnesses arms surrounded with this motto, *The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England*; and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, *Je maintiendrai*; I will maintain. *Rapin*.

† The English fleet.

‡ The King's army.

|| By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succession,

§ William III.

LIBERTY.

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With starving Labour pampering idle Waste? 1164

To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe

The guiltless tear from lone Affliction's eye!

To raise hid Merit, set the alluring light

Of Virtue high to view; to nourish arts,

Direct the thunder of an injur'd state, 1165

Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,

Bless human-kind, and thro' the downward depth

Of future times to spread that better sun

Which lights up British soul: for deeds like these

The dazzling fair career unbounded lies; 1170

While (still superior bliss!) the dark abrupt

Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.

Oh! luxury divine! Oh! poor to this,

Ye giddy glories of despotic Thrones!

By this, by this, indeed, is imag'd Heaven, 1175

By boundless good, without the power of ill.

And now, behold! exalted as the cope

That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,

And like it free, My fabric stands complete,

The Palace of the Laws. To the four heavens 1180

Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,

With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd,

Pour urgent in; and tho' to different ranks

Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads

The shelt'ring roof o'er all; while Plenty flows 1185

And glad Contentment echoes round the whole.

Ye Floods! descend! ye Winds! confirming, blow;

Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,

Nought but the felon undermining hand

Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve, 1190

And lay the toil of ages in the dust.



THE PROSPECT.

Liberty.

PART V.

The Contents.

THE Author addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence, to ver. 88. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there, to ver. 374. Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, Sciences, fine Arts, and public Works. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government, to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a prospect of future times, given by the Goddess of Liberty; this described by the Author, as it passes in Vision before him.

HERE interposing, as the goddess paus'd,
" Oh! blest Britannia! in thy presence blest,
" Thou guardian of mankind! whence spring, alone,
" All human grandeur, happiness, and fame:
" For Toil, by thee protected, feels no pain; 5
" The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
" And, gilded with thy rays, e'en death looks gay.
" Let other lands the potent blessings boast
" Of more exalting suns: let Asia's woods,
" Untended, yield the vegetable fleece; 10
" And let the little insect-artist form,
" On higher life intent, its silken tomb:
" Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose
" The various tinctur'd children of the Sun:
" From the prone beam let more delicious fruits 15
" A flavour drink, than in one piercing taste
" Bids each combine: let Gallic vineyards burst
" With floods of joy; with mild balsamic juice
" The Tuscan olive: let Arabia breathe
" Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil: 20
" Turbid with gold, let southern rivers flow,
" And orient floods draw soft o'er pearls, their maze:
" Let Afric vaunt her treasures: let Peru
" Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,
" The yellow traitor, that her bliss betray'd; 25
" Unequall'd bliss! and to unequall'd rage!
" Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,
" Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd world,
" Where flames the falling day in wealth and praise,

" Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddess! she 30
 " Derives her praise from Thee, her matchless charms.
 " Her hearty fruits the hand of Freedom own;
 " And, warm with culture, her thick-clust'ring fields
 " Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
 " Her meads; her gardens smile eternal spring: 35
 " She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,
 " Ardent, to rush into the rapid chase:
 " She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours
 " Unnumber'd flocks: she weaves the fleecy robe
 " That wraps the nations: she to lusty droves 40
 " The richest pasture spreads; and her's, deep-wave
 " Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.
 " These her delights; and by no baneful herb,
 " No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
 " No fierce descending wolf, no serpent roll'd 45
 " In spires immense progressive o'er the land
 " Disturb'd. Enlivening these, add cities full
 " Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds;
 " Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
 " Innumerable sow'd along the lively vale, 50
 " Where bold unrival'd peasants happy dwell:
 " Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks
 " Embosom'd high, while kindred floods below
 " Wind thro' the mead; and those of modern hand,
 " More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar. 55
 " Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers, name,
 " Where swarm the finny race? Thee, chief, O Thames!
 " On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,
 " Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind?
 " And thee, thou Severn! whose prodigious swell, 60
 " And waves, resounding, imitate the main?
 " Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
 " That point around the world? and why her seas?
 " All ocean is her own, and every land
 " To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears. 65
 " She, too, the mineral feeds: the obedient lead,
 " The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,
 " Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond;

" And that the Tyrian merchant sought of old, †
 " Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame. 70
 " She rears to Freedom an undaunted race:
 " Compatriot, zealous, hospitable, kind,
 " Her's the warm Cambrian: her's the lofty Scot,
 " To hardship tam'd, active in arts and arms,
 " Fir'd with a restless, an impatient flame, 75
 " That leads him raptur'd where Ambition calls:
 " And English Merit her's, where meet, combin'd,
 " Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
 " An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
 " And firm tenacious valour, can bestow. 80
 " Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, she!
 " Great nurse of men! By Thee, O Goddess! taught,
 " Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
 " Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing
 " A strain the Muses never touch'd before." 85
 " But how shall this thy mighty kingdom stand?
 " On what unyielding base? how finish'd shine?"
 At this her eye, collecting all its fire,
 Beam'd more than human; and her awful voice
 Majestic thus she rais'd.—" To Britons bear 90
 " This closing strain, and with intenser note
 " Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear."
 On Virtue can alone My Kingdom stand,
 On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd.
 For lost this social cement of mankind, 95
 The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
 Will moulder soft away; till, tottering loose,
 They prone at last to total ruin rush.
 Unblest by Virtue, Government a league
 Becomes, a circling junto of the great, 100
 To rob by law; Religion mild a yoke
 To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state
 To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
 What are without it Senates, save a face
 Of consultation deep and reason free, 105
 While the determin'd voice and heart are sold?
 What boasted Freedom, save a sounding name?

And what Election, but a market vile
 Of slaves self-barter'd? Virtue! without thee
 There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states; 110
 War has no vigour, and no safety peace:
 E'en justice warps to party, laws oppress,
 Wide thro' the land their weak protection fails,
 First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.
 Thus nations sink, society dissolves; 115
 Rapine, and Guile, and Violence, break loose,
 Everting life, and turning love to gall;
 Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
 And Libya's hissing sands to him are tame.

By those three virtues be the frame sustain'd 120
 Of British Freedom; Independent Life;
 Integrity in Office; and, o'er all
 Supreme, A Passion for the Common-weal.

Hail, Independence! hail! Heaven's next best gift,
 To that of life and an immortal soul! 125
 The life of life! that to the banquet high
 And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof
 Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
 Of public Freedom, hail, thou secret Source!
 Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form
 My better Nile, that nurses human life. 131
 By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous fed,
 The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
 Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
 That Nature craves. Its happy master there, 135
 The only Freeman, walks his pleasing round,
 Sweet-featur'd Peace attending; fearless Truth,
 First Resolution; Goodness, blessing all
 That can rejoice; Contentment, surest friend;
 And, still fresh stores from Nature's book deriv'd, 140
 Philosophy, companion ever new.

These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
 When into action call'd, his busy hours.
 Mean time true judging moderate desires,
 Economy and taste, combin'd, direct 145
 His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
 Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those

Whom Fortune heaps, without these Virtues, reach
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,
 That self-enjoyment springing from within, 150
 That Independence, active or retir'd,
 Which make the soundest bliss of man below;
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
 And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
 A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train; 155
 Tho' rich, are beggars, and tho' noble, slaves.

Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expence
 They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.
 Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,
 See how the hall with brutal riot flows! 160
 While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,
 The country maddens into party-rage.
 Mark those disgraceful piles of wood and stone,
 Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,
 And Nature by presumptuous Art oppress'd, 165
 The woodland Genius mourns. See the full board
 That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy;
 No Truth invited there to feed the mind,
 Nor Wit the wine-rejoicing reason quaffs.
 Hark how the dome with insolence resounds, 170
 With those retain'd by Vanity to scare
 Repose and friends. To tyrant Fashion mark
 The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
 Of fools. From still delusive day to day,
 Led an eternal round of lying hope, 175
 See, self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
 Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck!
 Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,
 With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buzz
 Of Masquerade unblushing; or, to show 180
 Their scorn of Nature, at the Tragic scene
 They mirthful sit, or prove the Comic true.
 But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
 The civil robbers rang'd; and e'en the Fair,
 The tender Fair! each sweetness laid aside, 185
 As fierce for plunder as all licens'd troops
 In some sack'd city. Thus dissolv'd their wealth,

Without one generous luxury dissolv'd,
 Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
 At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe; 190
 With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
 Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,
 And for their falsehood each despising each,
 Till shook their patron by the wintry winds,
 Wide flies the wither'd shower, and leaves him bare.

O far superior Afric's sable sons, 196
 By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves!
 And rich as unsqueez'd favourite, to them,
 Is he who can his Virtue boast alone!

Britons! be firm,—nor let Corruption fly 200
 Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!
 The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds
 By Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
 And other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold 205
 Your Independence; for that once destroy'd,
 Unfounded, Freedom is a morning-dream,
 That flits ærial from the spreading eye.

Forbid it, Heaven! that ever I need urge
 Integrity in Office on my sons! 210

Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
 And whom?—the gracious, the confiding hand,
 That lavishly rewards; the toiling poor,
 Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixt;
 The guardian public; every face they see, 215
 And every friend: nay, in effect, themselves.
 As in familiar life the villain's fate

Admits no cure; so when a desperate age
 At this arrives, I the devoted race
 Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away. 220

But ah! too little known to modern times!
 Be not the noblest passion past unsung;
 That ray peculiar, from unbounded Love
 Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul,
 Devotion to the public. Glorious flame! 225
 Celestial ardour! in what unknown worlds,
 Profusely scatter'd thro' the blue immense,

Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
 Old virtuous Rome! so many deathless names
 From thee their lustre drew? since, taught by Thee,
 Their poverty put splendor to the blush, 231
 Pain grew luxurious, and e'en death delight?
 O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
 With blaze direct, on this my last retreat?

'Tis not enough, from self right understood 235
 Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart;
 Tho' Virtue not disdains appeals to self,
 Dreads not the trial, all her joys are true,
 Nor is there any real joy save her's.

Far less the tepid, the declaiming race, 240
 Foes to Corruption, to its wages friends,
 Or those whom private passions, for a while,
 Beneath My standard list, can they suffice
 To raise and fix the glory of My reign?

An active flood of universal love 245
 Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
 The restless spirit roves creation round,
 And seizes every being; stronger then
 It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
 Of bliss allys; then, more collected still, 250
 It urges human-kind; a passion grown,
 At last, the central parent-public calls
 Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
 The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
 This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers 355
 Than those of Self, this heaven-infus'd delight,
 This mortal gravitation, rushing prone
 To press the Public good, My system soon,
 Traverse, to several selfish centers drawn,
 Will reel to ruin, while for ever shut 260
 Stand the bright portals of desponding Fame.

From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,
 None of those ancient lights that gladden earth,
 Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
 To just ambition, Virtue's quickening fire! 265
 Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
 Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,

A dull gazette! Th' impatient reader scorns
 The poor historic page, till kindly comes
 Oblivion, and redeems a peoples' shame. 270
 Not so the times when, emulation stung,
 Greece shone in Genius, Science, and in Arts,
 And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told!
 To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind,
 Thro' the deep periods of devolving time, 275
 Those, raptur'd, copy; these, astonish'd, read.

True, a corrupted state, with every vice
 And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
 Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye?
 The pale inveigling smile? the ruffian front? 280
 The wretch abandon'd to relentless Self,
 Equally vile if miser or profuse?

Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt?
 The fell-deputed tyrant, who devours
 The poor and weak, † at distance from redress? 285

Delirious Faction, bellowing loud My name?
 The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast?
 A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
 My sacred rights a merchandise alone

Esteeming, and to work their feeders' will 290
 By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
 As were the dregs of Romulus of old?

Who these, indeed, can undetesting see?
 But who unpitying? To the generous eye
 Distress is virtue; and, tho' self-betray'd, 295

A people struggling with their fate must rouse
 The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once,
 Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious, then,
 Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,

Protect the feeble, dash bold Vice aside! 300
 Depress the wicked, and restore the frail!

Posterity, besides, the young are pure,
 And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.

Should then the times arrive (which Heaven avert!)
 That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force 305

† Lord Moleworth, in his account of Denmark, says,---It is observed, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the seat of the government is advantageous to the subjects, whilst the distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to oppression.

Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
 But by Corruption's soul-dejecting arts,
 Arts impudent and gross! by their own gold,
 In part bestow'd to bribe them to give all;
 With party raging, or immers'd in sloth, 310
 Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
 To sily-conquering Gaul, e'en from her brow
 Let her own naval oak be basely torn,
 By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
 And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd; 315
 Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
 Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
 Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,
 That sits serene within the forest shade,
 The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants 320
 And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
 That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd
 To sell their birthright for a cooling draught;
 Should shameless pens for plain Corruption plead,
 The hir'd assassins of the Commonweal! 325
 Deem'd the declaring rant of Greece and Rome,
 Should Public Virtue grow the public scoff,
 Till Private, failing, staggers thro' the land;
 Till round the City loose mechanic Want,
 Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunts
 Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds, 331
 Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace,
 And murders, horrors, perjuries abound;
 Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop,
 The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold, 335
 And those on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
 All bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,
 A power to live to Nature and themselves,
 In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
 With fortune joyless, and with honours mean. 340
 Mean time, perhaps, profusion flows around,
 The waste of war, without the works of peace;
 No mark of millions in the gulf absorb'd
 Of uncreating Vice, none but the rage
 Of rous'd Corruption still demanding more: 345

That very portion which (by faithful skill
Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd thro' the hands
Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
A locust band within, and in the bud
Leaves starv'd each work of dignity and use. 350

I paint the worst: but should these times arrive,
If any nobler passion yet remains,
Let all My sons all parties fling aside,
Despise their nonsense, and together join; 355
Let Worth and Virtue, scorning low despair,
Exerted full, from every quarter shine,
Commix'd in heightened blaze. Light flash'd to light,
Moral or intellectual, more intense
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve, 360
Gradual, the stars effulge, fainter, at first,
They, straggling, rise; but when the radiant host
In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
Each casting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays, 365
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

But why to Britons this superfluous strain?
Good-nature, honest truth; e'en somewhat blunt,
Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause, 370
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
Nor only wont—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
In many a blest retirement still they dwell.

To softer prospect turn we now the view,
To laurell'd Science, Arts, and Public Works, 375
That lend My finish'd fabric comely pride,
Grandeur and grace. Of sullen genius he!
Curs'd by the Muses! by the Graces loath'd!
Who deems beneath the Public's high regard
These last enlivening touches of My reign. 380
However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
A nation be; let trade enormous rise,
Let East and South their mingled treasures pour,
Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burst o'er the City, and devour the land; 385

Yet these neglected, these recording Arts,
 Wealth rots, a nuisance! and, oblivious sunk,
 That nation must another Carthage lie.
 If not by them on monumental brass,
 On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page, 390
 Imprest, renown had left no trace behind;
 In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
 The legislator plann'd, the hero found
 A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain:
 Th' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath; 395
 They rouse Ambition, they the mind exalt,
 Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
 Delight the general eye; and, dress'd by them,
 The moral Venus glows with double charms.
 Science, My close associate, still attends 400
 Where'er I go. Sometimes in simple guise
 She walks the furrow with some Consul-swain,
 Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
 Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
 Of Fancy dress'd, she charms Athenian wits, 405
 And a whole sapient city round her burns.
 Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod.
 With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
 She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat* 410
 Unequall'd glory. With the Theban sage,
 Epaminondas, first and best of men!
 Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,
 Above the vulgar reach relentless form'd,
 March to sure conquest—never gain'd before!†
 Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state 415
 Unskilful she: when the triumphant tide
 Of high-swoln Empire wears one boundless smile,
 And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
 Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
 And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease, 420
 Where, but the Aonian maids, no Sirens sing:

* The famous retreat of the Ten thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

† Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion, at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories. *Plutarch in Agesilaus.*

Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
 While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
 With Tully she her wide reviving light
 To senates holds, a Cataline confounds, 425
 And saves a while from Cæsar sinking Rome.
 Such the kind power whose piercing eye dissolves
 Each mental fetter, and sets reason free;
 For Me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,
 The more tenacious as the more convinc'd 430
 How happy Freemen, and how wretched Slaves.
 To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
 The goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
 That quickens Trade, the breath unseen that wafts
 To them the treasures of a balanc'd world: 435
 But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung
 In daring flight, above all modern wing)
 Neglected droop the head; and Public Works,
 Broke by Corruption into Private gain,
 Not ornament, disgrace; not serve, destroy. 440
 Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom rul'd,
 Beneath one Royal head, whose vital power
 Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
 In finer arts, and Public Works, shall they
 To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends, 445
 Deprest and broke, beneath the will of one?
 Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,
 Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
 Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land;
 Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,
 His own insatiate reservoir to fill; 451
 To the lone desert Patriot-merit frowns,
 Or into dungeons Arts, when they their chains,
 Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works
 All other license scorn but Truth's and Mine. 455
 Oh! shame to think! shall Britons, in the field
 Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose?
 E'en in that monarch's reign † who vainly dreamt,
 By giddy power betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
 To grasp unbounded sway; while, swarming round,

His armies dar'd all Europe to the field ; 461
 To hostile hands, while treasure flow'd profuse,
 And, that great source of treasure subjects' blood,
 Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land ;
 From Britain, chief, while My superior sons, 465
 In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
 And bade his agonizing heart be low ;
 E'en then, as in the golden calm of peace !
 What Public Works, at home, what Arts arose !
 What various Science shone ! what Genius glow'd !
 'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot 471
 O'er fair extents of land, the shining Road ;
 The flood-compelling Arch ! the long Canal,*
 Thro' mountains piercing and uniting seas ;
 The Dome † resounding sweet with infant joy, 475
 From Famine sav'd, or cruel-handed Shame,
 And that where Valour counts his noble scars ; †
 The land where social pleasure loves to dwell,
 Of the fierce demon, Gothic Duel, freed ;
 The Robber from his farthest forest chas'd ; 480
 The turbid city clear'd ; and, by degrees,
 Into sure peace the best Police refin'd,
 Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
 Let Gallic bards record how honour'd Arts
 And Science, by despotic bounty bless'd, 485
 At distance flourish'd from My parent-eye ;
 Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose ;
 How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
 The trembling stage ; in elegant Racine,
 How the more powerful tho' more humble voice 490
 Of Nature-painting Greece resistless breath'd
 The whole-awaken'd heart ; how Moliere's scene,
 Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
 Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
 Was life itself ; to public honours rais'd, 495
 How learning in warm seminaries ‡ spread ;
 And, more for glory than the small reward,
 How Emulation strove ; how their pure tongue

* The Canal of Languedoc.

† The hospitals for Foundlings and Invalids.

‡ The academies of Sciences, of the *Belles Lettres*, and of Painting.

Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms;
 From Rome, a while, how Painting, courted long, 500
 With Poussin came; ancient Design, that lifts
 A fairer front, and looks another soul;
 How the kind Art † that, of unvalu'd price,
 The fam'd and only picture easy gives,
 Refin'd her touch, and, thro' the shadowed piece, 505
 All the liv'd spirit of the painter pour'd;
 Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
 A look, and bade her Girardon arise;
 How lavish Grandeur blaz'd the barren waste,
 Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell, 510
 And fountains spout amid its arid shades;
 For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
 How forests in majestic gardens smil'd;
 How menial Arts, by their gay sisters taught,
 Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
 In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn, 516
 The palace cheer'd, illum'd the story'd wall,
 And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom. †

These laurels, Louis! by the droppings rais'd
 Of thy profusion, its dishonour shade, 520
 And green thro' future times shall bind thy brow,
 While the vain honours of perfidious war
 Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.
 With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
 And stole a deeper root, by the full tide 525
 Of war-sunk millions fed? superior still,
 How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
 In Britain planted, by the potent juice
 Of Freedom swell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of Arts,
 A false uncertain spring when Bounty gives, 530
 Weak without Me, a transitory gleam.
 Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies
 Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow,
 Till Arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
 Their tender blossom; then malignant rise 535
 The blights of Envy, of those insect-clouds
 That, blasting merit, often cover courts:

† Engraving.

‡ The tapestry of the Gobellins.

Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæcenas aid
 The doubtful beamings of his prince's soul,
 His wavering ardour fix, and unconfin'd 540
 Diffuse his warm beneficence around;
 Yet death, at last, and wintry tyrants, come,
 Each sprig of genius killing at the root:
 But when with Me imperial Bounty joins,
 Wide o'er the Public blows eternal spring, 545
 While mingled Autumn every harvest pours
 Of every land; whate'er Invention, Art,
 Creating Toil, and Nature, can produce.

Here ceas'd the goddess, and her ardent wings,
 Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow, 550
 Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
 Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer:
 "Oh! forming Light of life! Oh! better Sun!
 "Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy North,
 "Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian skies, 555
 "That, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile,
 "When shall we call these ancient laurels ours?
 "And when Thy work complete?" Straight with her
 Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes: [hand,
 As at the touch of day the shades dissolve, 560
 So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,
 That dims the dawn of being here below;
 The future shone disclos'd, and, in long view,
 Bright rising eras instant rush'd to light.

"They come! great Goddess! I the times behold,
 "The times our fathers, in the bloody field, 566
 "Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,
 "In the warm struggles of the Senate-fight:
 "The times I see! whose glory to supply,
 "For toiling ages, Commerce round the world 570
 "Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land
 "Materials heap'd, that, well employ'd, with Rome
 "Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.
 "Lo! princes I behold, contriving still,
 "And still conducting firm some brave design; 575
 "Kings! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,
 "Burst the blockade of false designing men,

" Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,
" And of the blinding clouds around them thrown,
" Their court rejoicing millions! worth alone, 580
" And virtue, dear to them; their best delight,
" In just proportion to give general joy;
" Their jealous care Thy kingdom to maintain;
" The public glory theirs; unsparing love 584
" Their endless treasure; and, their deeds their praise,
" With Thee they work. Nought can resist Your force;
" Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats;
" Strong spread the blooms of Genius, Science, Art;
" His bashful bonds disclosing Merit breaks;
" And, big with fruits of glory, Virtue blows 590
" Expansive o'er the land. Another race
" Of Generous Youths, of Patriot Sires, I see!
" Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
" Of court, and ball, and play; those venal souls,
" Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands, 595
" That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
" I see the fountain's purg'd, whence life derives
" A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
" Not fed impure by Chance, by Flattery fool'd,
" Or by Scholastic Jargon bloated proud, 600
" But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of Truth:
" Then, beam'd thro' fancy the refining ray,
" And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
" At once informing light and moving flame;
" Till moral, public, graceful action, crowns 605
" The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
" In all that mind or body can adorn,
" And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
" Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
" And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits, 610
" Men, Patriots, Chiefs, and Citizens, are form'd.
" Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
" Unpurchas'd shines on all, and from her beam,
" Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew
" That prowl amid the darkness they themselves 615
" Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves;
" See how her Legal Furies bite the lip,

" While Yorks and Talbots their deep snares detect,
 " And seize swift Justice thro' the clouds they raise.
 " See! social Labour lifts his guarded head, 620
 " And men not yield to government in vain.
 " From the sure land is rooted ruffian Force,
 " And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle Waste. [bowl,
 " Lo! raz'd their haunts, down dash'd their maddening
 " A nation's poison! beauteous Order reigns! 625
 " Manly Submission, unimposing Toil,
 " Trade without guile, Civility that marks,
 " From the foul herd of brutal slaves, thy sons,
 " And fearless Peace. Or should affronting War
 " To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just, 630
 " Unfailing fields of Freemen, I behold!
 " That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
 " Their own blest Isle against a leaguuing world.
 " Despairing Gaul her boiling youth retrains,
 " Dissolv'd her dream of universal sway. 635
 " The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain,
 " And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.
 " Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing suns,
 " Gay Colonies extend, the calm retreat
 " Of undeserv'd Distress, the better home 640
 " Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands:
 " Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,
 " And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;
 " But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise;
 " Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd, 645
 " And, crowding round, the charm'd savannah sees.
 " Horrid with want and misery, no more
 " Our streets the tender Passenger afflict;
 " Nor shivering Age, nor Sicknefs, without friend,
 " Or home, or bed, to bear his burning load; 650
 " Nor agonizing Infant, that ne'er earn'd
 " Its guiltless pangs: I see the stores profuse,
 " Which British bounty has to these assign'd,
 " No more the sacrilegious riot swell
 " Of Cannibal devourers! Right apply'd, 655
 " No starving wretch the land of Freedom stains:
 " If poor, employment finds; if old, demands,

" If sick, if maim'd, his miserable due ;
 " And will, if young, repay the fondest care.
 " Sweet sets the sun of stormy life, and sweet 660
 " The morning shines, in Mercy's dews array'd.
 " Lo! how they rise! these families of Heaven!
 " That! chief,* (but why—ye Bigots!—why so late?)
 " Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age:
 " What smiles of praise! and, while their song ascends,
 " The listening seraph lays his lute aside. 666
 " Hark! the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,
 " With active Nature, warm impassion'd truth,
 " Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
 " Of various string, and heart-felt image, fill'd. 670
 " Behold! I see the dread delightful school
 " Of temper'd passions, and of polish'd life,
 " Restor'd. Behold! the well-dissembled scene
 " Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,
 " Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again. 675
 " Lo! vanish'd Monster-land! lo! driven away
 " Those that Apollo's sacred walks profane,
 " Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
 " Unknown to Nature, chaos more confus'd,
 " O'er the brute scene its Ouran-Outangs † pours ;
 " Detested forms! that, on the mind imprest, 681
 " Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.
 " Behold! all thine again the Sister-Arts,
 " Thy Graces they, knit in harmonious dance:
 " Nurs'd by the treasure from a nation drain'd 685
 " Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouze
 " Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought;
 " Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming Monks,
 " The gaudy tools and prisoners no more.
 " Lo! numerous Domes a Burlington confess. 690
 " For kings and senates fit, the Palace see!
 " The Temple, breathing a religious awe:
 " E'en fram'd with elegance, the plain retreat,
 " The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
 " Taste, never idly working, saves expence. 695

* An hospital for Foundlings.

† A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man.—See Dr. Tyson's treatise on this animal.

" See! sylvan scenes, where Art, alone, pretends
 " To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms,
 " Such as a Pope in miniature has shown,
 " A Bathurst o'er the widening forest † spreads,
 " And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.
 " August, around, what Public Works I see! 701
 " Lo! stately Streets! lo! Squares that court the breeze,
 " In spite of those to whom pertains the care,
 " Ingulfing more than founded Roman ways.
 " Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land, 705
 " Connecting sea to sea, the solid Road.
 " Lo! the proud Arch (no vile exactor's stand)
 " With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.
 " See! long Canals and deepened Rivers join
 " Each part with each, and with the circling main
 " The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! Ports expand, 711
 " Free as the winds and waves, their shelt'ring arms.
 " Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
 " On every pointed coast the Lighthouse tow'rs;
 " And, by the broad imperious Mole repell'd, 715
 " Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars."
 As thick to view these Varied Wonders rose,
 Shook all my soul with transport; unassur'd,
 The Vision broke, and on my waking eye
 Rush'd the still Ruins of dejected Rome. 720

† Okely woods, near Cirencester.



The Castle of Indolence,
AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.
IN TWO CANTOS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect: and the style of that admirable Poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated, by custom, to all allegorical poems writ in our language; just as, in French, the style of Marot, who lived under Francis I. has been used in tales and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.



EXPLANATION OF THE OBSOLETE WORDS
USED IN THIS POEM.

<i>Archimage</i> , the chief, or greatest, of magicians or enchanters.	<i>Louting</i> , bowing, bending.
<i>Apaid</i> , paid.	<i>Lihe</i> , loose, lax.
<i>Appal</i> , affright.	<i>Mell</i> , mingle.
<i>Arween</i> , between.	<i>More</i> , more.
<i>At</i> , always.	<i>Mail</i> , to labour.
<i>Baja</i> , sorrow, trouble, misfortune.	<i>Mate</i> , might.
<i>Benempt</i> , named.	<i>Muckle</i> , or <i>Macille</i> , much, great.
<i>Blazem</i> , painting, displaying.	<i>Nathleis</i> , nevertheless.
<i>Brens</i> , cold, raw.	<i>Ne</i> , nor.
<i>Carol</i> , to sing songs of joy.	<i>Needments</i> , necessaries.
<i>Caurus</i> , north-east wind.	<i>Nursling</i> , a child that is nursed.
<i>Certes</i> , certainly.	<i>Noyance</i> , harm.
<i>Dan</i> , a word prefixed to names.	<i>Prankt</i> , coloured, adorned gaily.
<i>Defily</i> , skilfully.	<i>Perdie</i> , (Fr. par Dieu) an old oath.
<i>Depainted</i> , painted.	<i>Prick'd thro' the forest</i> , rode thro' the forest.
<i>Droopy-head</i> , drowsyness.	<i>Scar</i> , dry, burnt up.
<i>Eath</i> , easy.	<i>Shewn</i> , bright, shining.
<i>Efisons</i> , immediately, often, after- wards.	<i>Sicker</i> , sure, surely.
<i>Eke</i> , also.	<i>Soot</i> , sweet, or sweetly.
<i>Fays</i> , Fairies.	<i>Sootb</i> , true, or truth.
<i>Gear</i> , or <i>Gerr</i> , furniture, equipage, drefs.	<i>Stound</i> , misfortune, pang.
<i>Glaive</i> , sword. (Fr.)	<i>Sweltry</i> , sultry, consuming with heat.
<i>Glee</i> , joy, pleasure.	<i>Swink</i> , to labour.
<i>Han</i> , have.	<i>Smackt</i> , favoured.
<i>Hight</i> , named, called; and some- times it is used for <i>is called</i> . See Stanza vii.	<i>Thrall</i> , slave.
<i>Idleis</i> , Idleness.	<i>Transmew'd</i> , transformed.
<i>Imp</i> , child, or offspring; from the Saxon <i>impan</i> , to graft or plant.	<i>Vild</i> , vile.
<i>Kest</i> , or cask.	<i>Unkempt</i> (Lat. <i>incomptus</i>) una- dorned.
<i>Lad</i> , for led.	<i>Ween</i> , to think, be of opinion.
<i>Lea</i> , a piece of land, or meadow.	<i>Weet</i> , to know, to weet, to wit.
<i>Libbard</i> , leopard.	<i>Whilom</i> , ere-while, formerly.
<i>Lig</i> , to lie.	<i>Wight</i> , man.
<i>Lojel</i> , a loose idle fellow.	<i>Wis</i> , for <i>wiss</i> , to know, think, un- derstand.
	<i>Wonne</i> (a noun) dwelling.
	<i>Wreakt</i> , wreakt,

N. B. The letter Y is frequently placed at the beginning of a word, by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable, and en at the end of a word, for the same reason, as withouten, casten, &c.

<i>Yborn</i> , born.	<i>Yfere</i> , together.
<i>Yblent</i> , or <i>blent</i> , blended, mingled.	<i>Ymelted</i> , melted.
<i>Yclad</i> , clad.	<i>Yede</i> , (the preter tense of <i>yede</i> ,) went.
<i>Ycleped</i> , called, named.	

THE
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

The Castle high of Indolence,
And its false luxury,
Where, for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O MORTAL Man! who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date:
And, certes, there is for it reason great:
For tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizzard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half inbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared e'en for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds, that slumbrous influence keft
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Mean time unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen,
That, as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,
Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 A fable, silent, solemn, forest stood,
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
 As Idle's fancy'd in her dreaming mood;
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror thro' the blood;
 And where this valley winded out, below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,

VI.

[to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
 Of Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
 And of gay Castles in the cloud that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky;
 There eke the soft Delights, that witchingly
 Intil a wanton sweetness thro' the breast,
 And the calm Pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest
 Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

VII.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizzard hight)
 Close-hid his Castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
 Mean while, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was plac'd, and to his lute, of cruel fate,
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by;
For as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody,
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses

IX.

[sung:

" Behold, ye Pilgrims of this earth! behold,
" See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay;
" See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
" Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
" What youthful bride can equal her array?
" Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
" From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
" From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
" Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

X.

" Behold the merry minstrels of the Morn,
" The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
" Ten thousand throats, that, from the flowering thorn,
" Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
" Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
" They neither plough nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
" E'er to the barn the nodded sheaves they drove,
" Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
" Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

XI.

" Outcast of Nature, Man! the wretched thrall
" Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
" Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
" And of the vices an inhuman train,
" That all proceed from savage thirst of gain;
" For when hard-hearted Interest first began
" To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
" Guile, Violence, and Murder, seiz'd on man,
" And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII.

" Come, ye! who still the cumbrous load of life
 " Push hard up hill, but as the farthest steep
 " You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
 " Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
 " And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
 " For ever vain; come, and, withouten fee,
 " I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
 " Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
 " Of full delight: O come, ye weary Wights! to me.

XIII.

" With me you need not rise at early dawn,
 " To pass the joyless day in various stounds;
 " Or, louting low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
 " And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
 " Or thro' the city take your dirty rounds,
 " To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,
 " Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;
 " Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
 " In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

" No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
 " From village on to village sounding clear;
 " To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
 " No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
 " No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear,
 " Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start
 " With sounds that are a misery to hear;
 " But all is calm, as would delight the heart
 " Of Sybarite of old, all Nature, and all Art.

XV.

" Here nought but Candour reigns, indulgent Ease,
 " Good-natur'd Lounging, sauntering up and down:
 " They who are pleas'd themselves must always please;
 " On others' ways they never squint a frown,
 " Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
 " Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,
 " With milky blood the heart is overflown,
 " Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense; [hence.
 " For interest, envy, pride, and strife, are banish'd

XVI.

" What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm,
" Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
" Above those passions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
" But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
" And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
" Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more

XVII:

[gay.

" The best of men have ever lov'd repose;
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
" Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
" E'en those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
" The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a base world at last have stol'n away:
" So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
" Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

" But if a little exercise you chuse,
" Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here:
" Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
" Or, softly stealing, with your watry gear,
" Along the brooks, the crimson spotted fry
" You may delude; the whilst, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
" Attuned to the birds and woodland melody.

XIX.

" O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
" Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
" When, sudden, comes blind, unrelenting Fate,
" And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
" With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
" To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
" There with sad ghosts to pine and shadows dun:
" But sure it is of vanities most vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd : but still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song,
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along
In silent ease ; as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft embodied fays thro' airy portal stream.

XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began ;
Tho' some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.
Yet thro' the gate they cast a wishful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can ;
For do their very best they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them strait,
And soon as touch'd by his unhallowed paw,
They found themselves within the curst gate,
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of Fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state ;
Tho' feeble wretch he seem'd, of fallow hue,
Certes, who bides his grasp will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace ;
As lithe they grow as any willow wand,
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace :
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then, sighing, yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep;
His calm, broad, thoughtless, aspect breath'd repose,
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Thro' which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep,
Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call:
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play, who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Mean time the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns,
Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undress! best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir Porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew;
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare,
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasure grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care; [more fair.
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
 Withouten tromp, was proclamation made;
 "Ye sons of Indolence! do what you will,
 "And wander where you list, thro' hall or glade;
 "Be no man's pleasure for another staid;
 "Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
 "And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
 "Here dwells kind ease and unreprieving joy:
 "He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
 Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
 But every man stroll'd off his own glad way;
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
 With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
 No living creature could be seen to stray,
 While solitude and perfect silence reign'd,
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd,

XXX.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-isles,†
 Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
 Or that ærial beings sometimes deign
 To stand embodied to our senses plain)
 Sees on the naked hill or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro,
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

XXXI.

Ye Gods of Quiet, and of Sleep profound!
 Whose soft dominion o'er this Castle sways,
 And all the widely-silent places round,
 Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days

† Those islands on the western coast of Scotland called the Hebrides.

In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering?
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

Come on, my Muse! nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove! touch'd by celestial fire,
Thou yet shalt sing of war and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shalt tread in Tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down thro' every worthless age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no thrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
E'en undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd

XXXV.

Here Freedom reign'd without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gill,
Nor faintly Spleen, durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all?
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,

Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale;
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortur'd heart,
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart,
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and

XXXVII. [peace impart.

Those pleas'd the most where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the Patriarchal age,
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of Nature they! true Golden Age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies:
Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

XXXIX.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease:
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft', by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:

Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd,
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of Winds drew sounds of deep delight,
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus * it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart;
Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

XLII.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When Sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore,†
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft' began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,

* This is not an imagination of the Author, there being in fact such an instrument called Æolus's harp, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

† The Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

As heaven and earth they would together melt:
 At doors and windows, threat'ning seem'd to call
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
 Yet the least entrance found they none at all,
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,
 O'er which was shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
 That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
 And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
 Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
 So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
 As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair Illusions! artful Phantoms, no!
 My Muse will not attempt your Fairy-land:
 She has no colours that like you can glow;
 To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
 But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
 Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
 Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
 Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon our nights,
 And bless'd them oft' besides with more refin'd delights.

XLVI.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
 E'en feigning virtue; skilful to unite
 With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain:
 But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,
 Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
 Down, down black gulfs, where fullen waters sleep,
 Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
 On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep,
 They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to

XLVII.

[keep.

Ye guardian Spirits! to whom man is dear,
 From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
 Angels of Fancy and of Love! be near,
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:

Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
 And let them virtue with a look impart;
 But chief a while, O! lend us from the tomb
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart;
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you sportive?—Bid the morn of youth
 Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
 Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,
 To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
 What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
 Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd,
 The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
 Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
 My Muse! resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,
 In a huge chrystal magic globe to spy,
 Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
 Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
 Of idly-busy men the restless fry
 Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
 In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
 Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste:
 When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

L.

Of Vanity the Mirrour this was call'd.
 Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
 At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
 Ate up with carking care and penurie,
 Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow tree.
 "A penny saved is a penny got;"
 Firm to this scoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
 Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
 Till it has quench'd his fire and banished his pot.

LI.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
 All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
 The silly tenant of the summer-air,

In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
 And thieving tradesmen, him among them share;
 His father's ghost from Limbo-lake, the while,
 Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men
 Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
 Backwards and forwards: oft' they snatch the pen,
 As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage,
 Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
 Why, Authors! all this scrawl and scribbling fore?
 To lose the present, gain the future age,
 Praised to be when you can hear no more,
 And much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly
 store?

LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
 With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
 Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew,
 See how they dash along from wall to wall!
 At every door, hark how they thundering call!
 Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
 Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall,
 A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
 And make new tirelome parties for the coming night.

LIV.

The puzzling sons of Party next appear'd,
 In dark cabals and nightly juntos met,
 And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
 Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
 New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
 No sooner Lucifer † recalls affairs,
 Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
 When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
 In comes another sett, and kicketh them down stairs.

LV.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
 Was to behold the nations all on fire,

† The morning star.

In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife,
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools, that ask
For place or pension, laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark;
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad; in thought involv'd, not dark;
As soot this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart;
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

LVIII.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound,
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomil are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light fate trembling on the welkin's bound,
Then homeward thro' the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow: so had he passed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past;
For oft' the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd

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Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd;
Oft' as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind:
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyder still, who quite detested talk;
Oft' stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank Heaven! the day

LXI.

[is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mein,
Our Castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into these hills to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night;
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been:

LXIII.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low;

When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
 The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
 The farther back again they flagging go,
 And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore.
 Taught by this son of Joy, we found it so,
 Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
 Our madden'd Castle all, the abode of Sleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
 Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
 Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
 Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
 Soothing at first the gay reposing throng;
 And oft' he sips their bowl; or, nearly drown'd,
 He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
 And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound,
 Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had:
 Serene, yet warm; humane, yet firm his mind;
 As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
 Him thro' their inmost walks the Muses lad,
 To him the sacred love of Nature lent,
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad;
 When as we found he would not here be pent,
 To him the better sort this friendly message sent:

LXVI.

"Come, dwell with us, true son of Virtue! come:
 "But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade
 "To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
 "Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade,
 "Yet when at last thy toils, but ill apaid,
 "Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
 "Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
 "There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark;
 "We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus * of the age,
 But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,

A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
 And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
 E'en from his slumbers we advantage reap:
 With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
 Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
 Each due decorum. Now the heart he shakes,
 And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judg-
 ment takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
 † Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
 On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
 Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
 The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
 Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
 Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,
 Oft' moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
 He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft' by holy feet our ground was trod,
 Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy;
 A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
 Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
 He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
 And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
 If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
 Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
 And strait would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded nought
 (Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs;
 They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought,
 And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
 The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
 When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
 And the Sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
 Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-enroll'd,
 Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

† The following lines of this Stanza were writ by a friend of the Author.

LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
 Bevvies of dainty dames, of high degree,
 From every quarter hither made resort,
 Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
 They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury:
 Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
 Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
 To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom,
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
 And labour dire it is, and weary woe:
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
 Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
 Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
 This soon too rude an exercise they find;
 Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
 Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
 And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now must I mark the villainy we found;
 But, ah! too late, as shall eistsoons be shewn.
 A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
 Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
 Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
 Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
 Unpity'd uttering many a bitter grown;
 For of these wretches taken was no care;
 Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
 To this dark den, where Sicknests toss'd alway.
 Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress,
 Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay
 Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
 To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
 And his half-open'd eyne he shut straitway;
 He led, I wot, the softest way to death, [breath.
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy :
 Unwieldy man ! with belly monstrous round,
 For ever fed with watery supply :
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
 And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
 Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,
 Who vexed was full oft' with ugly fit ;
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd

LXXVI.

[a wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
 Yet oft' her fear her pride made crouchen low ;
 She felt, or fancy'd, in her fluttering mood,
 All the diseases which the spittles know,
 And sought all physick which the shops bestow,
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro ;
 For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

LXXVII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
 Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
 And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings :
 The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks ;
 A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings ;
 Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.



THE
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his atchievements fair,
That by his Castle's overthrow
Secur'd and crown'd were.

I.

ESCAP'D the Castle of the Sire of Sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness favouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view: but now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft' rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune! what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Thro' which Aurora shews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muse! and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of Softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yelep'd,
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursu'd the libbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd thro' the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain and wintry fray
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found Dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy;
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muckel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The same to him glad summer or the winter breme.

VIII.

So pass'd his youthful morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
And certes had been utterly undone,
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every science and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace, impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him com-

X.

[par'd.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseate breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear;
Or darting on the goal, outstripp'd the gale;
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career;
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd thro' Nature's store,
Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly Truth, and practise what she taught.
Vain is the tree of Knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft' he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

XIII.

To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvass into life;
With Nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With Nature, joyous at the mimic strife;
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife;
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire;
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issu'd,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
The work which long he in his breast had brew'd
Now to perform he ardent did devise,
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild,
Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd;
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe,
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers Divine, it should no more be so!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this best sun, from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing Indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimed,
And calls forth Arts and Virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times
Successive had; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing thro' the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at Nature's cost;
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid,
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

XVIII.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my chosen Isle, (he cries,)
This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,
This Queen of Ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest, firmest hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever Arts and Industry can frame;
Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,
Fair Queen of Arts! from Heaven itself who came
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame:
And still with her sweet Innocence we find,
And tender Peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and Art at once, delight and use combin'd.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
 And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
 Bade social Commerce raise renowned marts,
 Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
 Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
 Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
 Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
 Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
 While o'er the encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

XXI.

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,
 From the fam'd City† by Propontic sea,
 What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd,
 Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
 And brought them to another Castalie,
 Where Isis many a famous nourling breeds;
 Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea
 In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
 For why? they are the quintessence of all,
 The growth of labouring time, and slow increast;
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
 That mighty patrons the coy Sisters call
 Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease,
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
 And where they nothing have to do but please:
 Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
 Our patrons now e'en grudge that little claim,
 Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
 And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcena's name;
 Poor sons of puffed-up Vanity, not Fame.
 Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
 Th' eternal Patron, Liberty! whose flame,
 While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
 The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

† Constantinople.

XXIV.

When, as the knight had fram'd, in Britain land,
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the heart.

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long allies peep'd upon the main;
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale;
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain,
The happy monarch of his sylvan train;
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:
His days, the days of unstain'd Nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing Herds! who gave him milk;
Witness, ye Flocks! whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton or her silk;
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding ear,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,
Or of September moons the radiance mild:
O hide thy head, abominable War!
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child:
From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories vild.

XXVII.

Nor from this deep retirement banish'd was
Th' amusing care of rural Industry;
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,
And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
 He polish'd Nature with a finer hand:
 Yet on her beauties durst not Art encroach;
 'Tis Art's alone these beauties to expand.
 In graceful dance immingled o'er the land,
 Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
 Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd,
 An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
 Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for aye?
 That soul-ensiebling wizard Indolence,
 I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
 Spread far and wide was his curs'd influence;
 Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
 E'en much of private; ate our spirit out,
 And fed our rank luxurious vices; whence
 The land was overlaid with many a lout;
 Not, as old Fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stout.

XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast;
 Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
 To his licentious wish each must be blest,
 With joy be fever'd, snatch it as he can.
 Thus Vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban
 Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
 "Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar man,
 "The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
 "Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
 The good old Knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
 "Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call;
 "Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!
 "The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
 Of venerable eld; his eye full-speaks
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

I will (he cry'd) so help me, God! destroy
That villain Archimage.—His page then strait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Dispatch. "My steed be at the gate;
"My bard attend; quick, bring the net of Fate."
This net was twisted by the Sisters three,
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes; replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful Destiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little Druid-wight,
Of withered aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
As is his sister of the copses green,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon' azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come (quoth the Knight) a voice has reach'd mine ear,
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus! let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his Castle low.
Those men, those wretched men! who will be slaves,
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe;
But some there be thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without rigour saves.

XXXV.

Issuing forth, the Knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright; sprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, disdaining gate or bar.
Meantime the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss;
 What else so fit for man to settle well?
 And still their long researches met in this,
 This truth of truths, which nothing can refuse;
 "From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
 "Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul;
 "While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,
 "The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
 "Will, thro' the tortur'd breast, their fiery torrent roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
 O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear:
 On the cool height a while our palmers stay,
 And, spite e'en of themselves, their senses cheer;
 Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer:
 Like a green isle it broad beneath them spread,
 With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
 And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
 Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

"As God shall judge me, Knight! we must forgive
 " (The half enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)
 "The frail good man, deluded, here to live,
 "And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
 "Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
 "That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
 "And vice of virtue. What should then betide,
 "But that our charity be not too nice?
 "Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice."

XXXIX.

"Ay, sicker, (quoth the Knight) all flesh is frail,
 "To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
 "But let not brutish vice of this avail,
 "And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
 "Justice were cruel, weakly to relent;
 "From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive;
 "Grace be to those who can and will repent,
 "But penance, long and dreary, to the slave,
 "Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave."

XL.

Thus holding high discourse, they came to where
 The curst carle was at his wonted trade,
 Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
 In witching wise, as I before have said:
 But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
 The grave majestic Knight approaching nigh,
 And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
 His countenance fell; yet oft' his anxious eye
 Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect he bade give back
 The rabble rout, and welcom'd them full kind:
 Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
 His orders to obey, and fall behind.
 Then he resum'd his song, and, unconfin'd,
 Pour'd all his music, ran thro' all his strings;
 With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
 And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
 What pity bafe his song who so divinely sings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
 They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight;
 But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
 Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite
 The lights and shades of manners wrong and right.
 Meantime the silly crowd the charm devour,
 Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the Knight
 He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
 Who backning shunn'd his touch, for well he knew its

XLIII.

[power.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
 The wary Retiarius trapp'd his foe,
 E'en so the Knight, returning on him bold,
 At once involv'd him in the Net of Woe,
 Whereof I mention made not long ago.
 Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
 And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
 But when he found that nothing could avail,
 He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
 Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
 Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
 And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
 As of infernal sprites in cavern bound;
 A solemn sadness every creature strook,
 And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground:
 Huge crowds on crowds outpour'd with blemish'd look,
 As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
 Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
 And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
 Sir Industry the first calm moment stole.
 "There must (he cry'd) amid so vast a shoal,
 "Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
 "Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl;
 "Come then, my Bard! thy heavenly fire impart;
 "Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
 Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
 His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
 The which with skilful touch he dextrously strung,
 Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung:
 Then as he felt the Muses come along,
 Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
 And play'd a prelude to his rising song;
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round

XLVII.

[him throng,

Thus ardent, burst his strain—"Ye hapless Race!
 "Dire-labouring here to smother Reason's ray,
 "That lights our Maker's image in our face,
 "And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway,
 "What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, say?
 "What, but eternal never-resting soul,
 "Almighty power, and all-directing day,
 "By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
 "Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

XLVIII.

" Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
 " Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
 " We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
 " To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
 " Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
 " Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
 " In universal Nature this clear shewn,
 " Nor needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
 " To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

XLIX.

" Is not the field, with lively culture green,
 " A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
 " Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
 " And fann'd by sprightly Zephyrs, far surpass
 " The foul November-fogs, and slumb'rous mias,
 " With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
 " Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
 " Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
 " The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

" It was not by vile loitering in ease,
 " That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
 " That soft, yet ardent, Athens learn'd to please,
 " To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
 " In all supreme! complete in every part!
 " It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
 " And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
 " For Sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
 " Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

LI.

" Had unambitious mortals minded nought
 " But in loose joy their time to wear away,
 " Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
 " Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
 " Rude Nature's state had been our state to day;
 " No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
 " No arts had made us opulent and gay;
 " With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
 " None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been,

LII.

" Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
 " To thirst of glory and heroic deeds ;
 " Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
 " Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds :
 " The wits of modern time had told their beads,
 " And monkish legends been their only strains ;
 " Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
 " Our Shakespeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick
 " swains,
 " Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

LIII.

" Dumb, too, had been the sage historic Muse,
 " And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame ;
 " Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
 " Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
 " Had all been lost with such as have no name.
 " Who then had scorn'd his ease for others good ?
 " Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame ?
 " Who in the public breach devoted stood,
 " And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood ?

LIV.

" But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
 " If right I read, you pleasure all require ;
 " Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
 " How best enjoy'd this Nature's wide desire.
 " Toil, and be glad ! let Industry inspire
 " Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath !
 " Who does not act is dead : absorpt entire
 " In mazy sloth, no pride, no joy he hath ;
 " O leaden-hearted Men, to be in love with death !

LV.

" Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
 " When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?
 " How tasteless then whatever can be given ?
 " Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 " And exercise of health. In proof of this,
 " Behold the wretch who slugs his life away
 " Soon swallowed in Disease's sad abyss,

" While he whom Toil has brac'd, or manly play,
" As light as air each limb, each thought as clear as
LVI. [day.

" O who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
" Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind;
" The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
" The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
" In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
" See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
" As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
" Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
" Yet what but high-strung health this dancing plea-

LVII. [saunce breeds?

" But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
" Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
" Come then, my kindred Spirits! do not spill
" Your talents here. This place is but a show,
" Whose charms delude you to the den of Woe:
" Come, follow me; I will direct you right,
" Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
" Sincere as sweet: come, follow this good Knight,
" And you will bleis the day that brought him to
" your fight.

LVIII.

" Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps,
" To senates some, and public sage debates,
" Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
" The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states;
" To high discovery some, that new creates
" The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
" Some to the rural reign and softer fates;
" To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart:
" All glory shall be yours, all Nature, and all Art.

LIX.

" There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
" Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
" All may be done, (methinks I hear them say,)
" E'en death despis'd, by generous actions fair;
" All, but for those who to these bowers repair,

- " Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
 " To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
 " And from the powerful arms of Sloth get free.
 " 'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—it cannot be!

LX.

- " Would you then learn to dissipate the band
 " Of these huge threat'ning difficulties dire,
 " That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
 " His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
 " Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
 " Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
 " Here to mankind indulg'd; controul desire;
 " Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
 " Speak the commanding word—I Will!—and it is

LXI.

[done.]

- " Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful wise,
 " Your few important days of trial here?
 " Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
 " Through endless states of being, still more near
 " To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
 " Can you renounce a fortune so sublime?
 " Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
 " And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?
 " No! no!—your heaven-touch'd hearts disclaim the

LXII.

[sordid crime!"]

- " Enough! enough!" they cry'd.—Strait from the
 The better sort on wings of transport fly; [crowd,
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud
 Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
 Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
 The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
 Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
 Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
 Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new being

LXIII.

[gay.]

- Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
 That lighted up these new-created men,
 Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
 When just deliver'd from his fleshly den,

It soaring seeks its native skies agen;
 How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
 E'en so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
 E'en such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
 Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
 "Ye sons of Hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
 "What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
 "While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,
 "We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
 "What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
 "Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
 "Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon' heaven sub-
 lime."

LXV.

"Ye impious Wretches!" (quoth the Knight in wrath,)
 "Your happiness behold!"—Then strait a wand
 He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
 Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand;
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
 And o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground,
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls
 around.

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
 Unhappy wights, who loathed life, yhung,
 Or in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
 They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung,
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
 These by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
 Had doom'd themselves; whence oft', when night
 controul'd
 The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Mean time a moving scene was open laid;
 That lazarus-house I whilom in my lay
 Depainted have, its horrors deep-display'd,
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
 Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted simile
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
 The sick up-rais'd their heads, and droop'd their woes

LXVIII. [awhile.

"O Heaven! (they cry'd,) and do we once more see
 "Yon' blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?
 "Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
 "And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
 "O thou! or Knight or God! who holdest there
 "That fiend, oh! keep him in eternal chains!
 "But what for us, the children of Despair,
 "Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
 "Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

LXIX.

The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
 "Certes (quoth he) it is not e'en in Grace
 "T' undo the past, and eke your broken years:
 "Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
 "With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
 "A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
 "She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
 "She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven.

LXX.

"Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
 "And by these sufferings purify the mind;
 "Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd,
 "Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
 "And to a life more happy and refin'd,
 "Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
 "Till then, you may expect in me to find
 "One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
 "One who will sooth your pangs, and wing you to
 [the skies."

LXXI.

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
 "For you," (resum'd the Knight with sterner tone,)
 "Whole hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon fears,
 "That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;
 "In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
 "His fatal charms, and weep your stains away;
 "Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
 "You feel a perfect change; then who can say
 "What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's eternal

LXXII.

[day?"]

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
 Instant, a glorious angel train descends,
 The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue,
 Sweet Love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
 And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
 At once, delighted, to their charge they fly;
 When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends,
 In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
 That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
 And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
 To see kind hands attending day and night,
 With tender ministry, from place to place:
 Some prop the head; some, from the pallid face
 Wipe off the faint cold dews weak Nature sheds;
 Some reach the healing draught; the whilst, to chase
 The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds
 Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreds.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train
 Of those he rescu'd had from gaping hell,
 Then turn'd the Knight, and to his hall again
 Soft-pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell;
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
 There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;
 Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
 And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance

[feign'd.

LXXV.

But, ah! their scorn'd day of grace was past;
 For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild
 Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast,
 With gibbets, bones, and carcases, defil'd.
 There nor trim field nor lively culture smil'd;
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
 But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd, [care,
 Through which they floundering toil'd with painful
 Whilst Phœbus smote them fore, and fir'd the cloudless

LXXVI.

[air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
 The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd,
 Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs
 For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
 Or else the ground by piercing Caurus fear'd,
 Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow;
 Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
 By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
 Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds

LXXVII.

[moe.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
 Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
 Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad;
 His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;
 And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
 His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
 Direful to see! an heart appalling sight!
 Mean time foul scurf and blotches him defile,
 And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell despightful fiend;
 Hell holds none worse in baleful bowels below;
 By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;
 Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
 With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
 As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye
 Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow,
 And taunts he casten forth most bitterly:
 Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

E'en so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of brisly swine is prick'd along;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among;
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.



A POEM
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Inscribed to the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth
To mingle with his stars, and every Muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?
But what can man?—E'en now the sons of Light, 5
In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels; for with you,
Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aspire 10
In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can ye show your guest?
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil,
Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws
Could trace the secret hand of Providence, 15
Wide-working thro' this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the Suns
And Planets to their spheres! th' unequal task
Of humankind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft' disgrac'd 20
The pride of schools, before their course was known
Full in its causes and effects to him,
All-piercing sage! who sat not down, and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words and tyranny of names, 25
But, bidding his amazing Mind attend,
And with heroic Patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the System dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome, 31
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys

In some small fray victorious! when, instead
 Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
 By violence unmanly, and sore deeds 35
 Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
 Stood all subdu' by him, and open laid
 Her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye! our solar round
 First gazing thro', he, by the blendid power 40
 Of Gravitation and Projection, saw
 The whole in silent harmony revolve;
 From unassisted vision hid, the Moons,
 To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
 By him in all their mingled tracts were seen. 45
 He also fix'd our wandering Queen of Night,
 Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky.

Her every motion clear-discerning, he 50
 Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
 Why now the mighty mass of water swells
 Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
 And the full river turning, till again
 The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves 55
 A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
 Thro' the blue infinite, and every star
 Which the clear concave of a winter's night
 Pours on the eye or astronomic tube, 60
 Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss,
 Or such as farther in successive skies
 To Fancy shine alone, at his approach
 Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
 Of an harmonious system; all combin'd, 65
 And rul'd unerring, by that single power
 Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse Magnificence divine!
 O Wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
 From a few causes such a scheme of things, 70
 Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
 An universe complete! and, O belov'd

Of Heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye
 The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
 The rising, moving, wide-establiſh'd frame. 75

He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd
 The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
 As, round innumerable worlds he wound his way,
 Till to the forehead of our evening sky
 Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew, 80
 And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own, from the wild rule
 Of whirling vortices and circling spheres
 To their first great simplicity restor'd.
 The Schools astonish'd stood, but found it vain 85
 To combat still with demonstration strong,
 And, unawakened, dream beneath the blaze
 Of Truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
 With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
 When Newton rose, our philosophic fun. 90

Th' æriel flow of Sound was known to him,
 From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
 Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
 Nor could the darting beam of Speed immense
 Escape his swift pursuit and measuring eye. 95

E'en Light itself, which every thing displays,
 Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
 Untwisted all the shining robe of day:
 And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze
 Collecting every ray into his kind, 100

To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
 Of parent-colours. First the flaming Red
 Sprung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next;
 And next delicious Yellow; by whose side
 Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing Green: 105

Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
 Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
 Emerg'd the deepen'd Indico, as when
 The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
 While the last gleamings of refracted light 110
 Dy'd in the fainting Violet away.

These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,

Shine out distinct adown the watry bow,
 While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
 Delightful, melting on the fields beneath. 115
 Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
 And myriads still remain; infinite source
 Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!

Did ever poet image aught so fair,
 Dreaming in whispering groves by the hoarse brook!
 Or prophet, to whose rapture Heaven descends! 121
 E'en now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
 Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
 How just, how beauteous the refractive law.
 The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down 125
 To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
 Where the green islands of the happy shine,
 He stemm'd alone, and to the source (involv'd
 Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd
 His lights at equal distances, to guide 130
 Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who
 His high discoveries sing? when but a few
 Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
 To what he knew? In Fancy's lighter thought, 135
 How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme?

What wonder, thence, that his devotion swell'd
 Responsive to his knowledge! For could he,
 Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
 The finish'd university of things 140
 In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
 Forbear incessant to adore that Power
 Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few!
 Who saw him in the softest lights of life, 145
 All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
 The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
 Oh, speak the wondrous Man! how mild, how calm,
 How greatly humble, how divinely good;
 How firm establish'd on eternal truth; 150
 Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
 Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,

And panting for perfection; far above
 Those little cares and visionary joys
 That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart 155
 Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

And you, ye hopeless, gloomy-minded Tribe!
 You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
 That reach impatient at immortal life,
 Against the prime endearing privilege 160
 Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
 Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
 Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
 Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,
 And then for ever lost in vacant air? 165

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
 Solemn as when some awful change is come, [full;
 Sound thro' the world—" 'Tis done—The measure's
 "And I resign my charge."—Ye mouldering Stones!
 That build the towering pyramid, the proud 170
 Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd

By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
 The worshipp'd name of hoar Antiquity,
 Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast,
 While Newton lifts his column to the skies, 175
 Beyond the waste of time? Let no weak drop
 Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
 Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
 These are the tombs that claim the tender tear
 And elegiac song: but Newton calls 180

For other notes of gratulation high,
 That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds
 He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
 And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.

O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou 185
 Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
 Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
 Comparing things with things, in rapture lost, 190
 And grateful adoration, for that light
 So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,

From Light himself; Oh! look with pity down
On humankind, a frail, erroneous race!

Exalt the spirit of a downward world! 195

O'er thy dejected Country chief preside,

And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,

Correct her manners, and inspire her youth:

For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,

And glories in thy name; she points thee out 200

To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star;

While in expectance of the second life,

When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust

Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.



A POEM
TO
THE MEMORY
OF

The Right Honourable

THE LORD TALBOT,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ADDRESSED TO HIS SON.

WHILE, with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father lost, permit the Muse,
The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,
To praise dead worth and humble living pride, 5
Whose generous task begins where int'rest ends:
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verse sincere, by Truth inspir'd,
Which means not to bestow, but borrow fame.
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—
Unhappy that she may.—But where begin? 10
How from the diamond single out each ray,
Where all, tho' trembling with ten thousand hues,
Effuse one dazzling undivided light?
Let the low-minded of these narrow days
No more presume to deem the lofty tale 15
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick-enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome. 20
Eternal Wisdom, that all-quick'ning sun,
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
Directing light, and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm, 25
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliss
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man;
And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd 30

His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice
In consort foul agree, each heightening each,
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.

What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
What talent, or what virtue, was not his? 35
What that can render man or great or good,
Give useful worth or amiable grace?

Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With selfish peace. The Syren of the wise, 40

(Who steals th' Aonian song, and in the shape
Of Virtue woos them from a worthless world,)

Tho' deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm
As silent Night, yet active as the day. 45

The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it Virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking int'rest or luxurious vice, 50

The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour thro' the soul,
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
With present honour, and immortal fame,
Involve the good of all? An empty form 55

Is the weak virtue that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,
While Wickedness and Folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action, that disdain'd 60

To lose in death-like sloth one pulse of life
That might be sav'd; disdain'd, for coward Ease
And her insipid pleasures, to resign
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
And those high joys that teach the truly great 65
To live for others, and for others die.

Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the Spring
Leads in her swelling train the gentle Airs;
While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste 70

Of ruffian storms and winter's lawless rage.
 In him Astræa, to this dim abode
 Of ever-wandering men, return'd again;
 To bless them his delight; to bring them back,
 From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong, 75
 Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
 Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
 His virtues all, collected, sought the good
 Of humankind. For that he, servant, felt
 The throb of patriots when they model states; 80
 Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold
 His still awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms
 To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;
 Toil knew no langour, no attraction joy.
 Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led, 85
 He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill
 Where, rais'd above black Envy's dark'ning clouds,
 Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
 Be nam'd, victorious Ravagers! no more;
 Vanish, ye human Comets! shrink your blaze, 90
 Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
 As o'er the gazing desolated earth
 You scatter famine, pestilence, and war!
 Vanish before this vernal sun of Fame!
 Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy. 95
 How the heart listen'd while he pleading spoke!
 While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
 His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
 That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
 Ah! when, ye Studious of the laws! again 100
 Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?
 When shall again the darkest truths, perplex,
 Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh
 And arduous open into smiling ease?
 The solid mix with elegant delight? 105
 His was the talent with the purest light
 At once to pour conviction on the soul,
 And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart.
 That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd
 By Heaven. He, sacred to his country's cause, 110

To trampled Want and Worth, to suffering Right,
To the lone Widow's and her Orphan's woes,
Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Despising then the smiles or frowns of Power,
He all that noblest eloquence effus'd, 115

Which generous passion, taught by reason, breathes:
Then spoke the man, and over barren Art
Prevail'd abundant Nature. Freedom then
His client was, Humanity and Truth.

Plac'd on the seat of justice, there he reign'd 120

In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemp'rate heat,
No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene
That round him spread. A zeal for right alone, 125

The love of justice, like the steady sun,
Its equal ardour lent; and sometimes rais'd
Against the sons of Violence, of Pride,
And bold Deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd. 130

As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
Yet with progressive patience, step by step,
Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,
He thro' the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,
Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd, 135
And e'en the loser own'd the just decree.

But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,
Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
His insight deep into Britannia's weal, 140
Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
And the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law.

No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words,
Fell on the cheated ear: no study'd maze
Of declamation, to perplex the right, 145

He darkening threw around: safe in itself,
In its own force, all powerful Reason spoke;
While on the great, the ruling point, at once
He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate. 150

Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
 Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence unbid,
 The heart attends; for let the venal try
 Their every hard'ning stupifying art,
 Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal; 155
 And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.

Behold him in the councils of his prince,
 What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,
 Such wisdom! such abilities! and, join'd
 To virtue so determin'd, public zeal, 160
 And honour of such adamant proof,
 As e'en Corruption, hopeless, and o'er aw'd,
 Durst not have tempted! Yet of manners mild,
 And winning every heart, he knew to please,
 Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd 165
 Or adulation to receive or give.

Happy the state where wakes a ruling eye
 Of such inspection keen, and general care!
 Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,
 Toil may resign his careless head to rest, 170
 And ever-jealous Freedom sleep in peace.
 Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward days!
 And many a patriot counsel with him lost!
 Counsels that might have humbled Britain's foe,
 Her native foe, from eldest time by Fate 175
 Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.

Let Learning, Arts, let universal Worth,
 Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
 Unlike the sons of Vanity, that, veil'd
 Beneath the patron's prostituted name, 180
 Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
 And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
 When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
 Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
 And to the great all-bounteous Source of good. 185
 His sympathizing heart itself receiv'd
 The generous obligation he bestow'd.
 This, this, indeed, is patronizing worth.
 Their kind protector him the Muses own,
 But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid 190

Of tasteless Vanity's insulting hand.
 The gracious stream that cheers the letter'd world,
 Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,
 Whose sudden current from the naked root
 Washes the little soil which yet remain'd, 195
 And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
 No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,
 The silent treasures of the vernal year,
 Indulging deep their stores the still night long,
 Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world 200
 Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.

Still let me view him in the pleasing light
 Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
 And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.
 There, with that truest greatness he appear'd, 205
 Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
 In the soft graces of the friendly scene,
 Inspiring social confidence and ease:
 As free the converse of the wise and good,
 As joyous, disentangling every power, 210
 And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
 As when amid the various blossom'd spring,
 Or gentle-beaming autumn's pensive shade,
 The philosophic mind with Nature talks.
 Say ye, his Sons! his dear Remains! with whom 215
 The father laid superfluous state aside,
 Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
 With friendship rais'd it, with esteem, with love,
 Beyond the ties of blood, oh! speak the joy,
 The pure serene, the cheerful wisdom mild, 220
 The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
 In semblance of amusement, thro' the breast
 Infus'd. And thou, O Rundle!* lend thy strain,
 Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!
 In whom the head and heart their stores unite; 225
 Whatever Fancy paints, Invention pours,
 Judgment digests, the well-tun'd bosom feels,
 Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
 The Virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.

† Dr. Rundle, late Bishop of Derry in Ireland.

Lend me the plaint which to the lonely main, 230
 With Memory conversing, you will pour,
 As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,
 Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
 And mid their ample round receive the waves,
 That, from the frozen Pole resounding, rush 235
 Impetuous. Tho' from native sunshine driven,
 Driven from your friends, the sunshine of the soul,
 By slanderous Zeal, and politics infirm,
 Jealous of worth, yet will you bless your lot,
 Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate, 240
 Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
 Intrepid, warm: of kindred tempers born;
 Nurs'd, by experience, into slow esteem,
 Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
 And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd,
 From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire. 245

I, too, remember well that cheerful bowl
 Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
 Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
 Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth, 250
 And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
 Not simple Nature's unaffected sons,
 The blameless Indians, round their forest-cheer,
 In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
 Hold more unspotted converse; nor, of old, 255
 Rome's awful consuls, her Dictator-swains,
 As on the product of their Sabine farms
 They far'd, with stricter virtue fed the soul;
 Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
 Where Socrates presided, fairer truth, 260
 More elegant humanity, more grace,
 Wit more refin'd, or deeper science, reign'd.

But, far beyond the little vulgar bounds
 Of family, or friends, or native land,
 By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame, 265
 Extended his benevolence; a friend
 To humankind, to parent Nature's works.
 Of free access, and of engaging grace,
 Such as a brother to a brother owes,

He kept an open judging ear for all,
And spread an open countenance, where smil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodness shone:
For nothing human foreign was to him. 275

Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
And hard to be supported, you succeed;
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, thro' latest time, enrich your race,
When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust, 280
And with their authors in oblivion sunk
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, thro' every land and age, 285
Of universal Reason's various sons,
And e'en of God himself, sole perfect Judge!
Yet know these noblest honours of the mind
On rigid terms descend: the high-plac'd heir,
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze, 290
Malignant seeks out faults, cannot thro' life,
Amid the nameless insects of a court,
Unheeded steal; but, with his fire compar'd,
He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear, 295
A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muse
May safely sing, and sing without reserve.

Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and strength, 300
We may lament: yet let us, grateful, joy
That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,
And feel them still, teaching our views to rise
Thro' ever-bright'ning scenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worst of Zealots! ye that, prone 305
To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its spirit draws,
And every pain its balm. A Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues, claim another source.

Than the blind maze of undesigning blood; 310
 Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,
 Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.

Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed
 From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
 Its native country, whence, to bless mankind, 315
 Eternal Goodness on this darksome spot

Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
 By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
 And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
 He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss, 320
 Amid the human worthies. Glad around

Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,
 With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.

Ah! who is he that with a fonder eye
 Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the best of sons! 325

The best of friends!—Too soon is realiz'd

That hope which once forbade thy tears to flow!

Mean while the kindred souls of every land,

(Howe'er divided in the fretful days

Of prejudice and error,) mingled now, 330

In one selected never-jarring state,

Where God himself their only monarch reigns,

Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still

Remains of earthly woes, for us below,

And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear. 335

But cease, presumptuous Muse! nor vainly strive

To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down;

'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,

Scenes that our gross ideas grovelling cast

Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb. 340

Forgive, immortal Shade! if aught from earth,

From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise,

Where flows celestial harmony, forgive

This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,

On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves 345

Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widows' sighs

And orphans' tears embalm. The good, the bad,

The sons of Justice, and the sons of Strife,

All who or freedom or who interest prize,

A deep-divided nation's parties all 350

Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to heaven.

Glad heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres

With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.

How vain this tribute, then! this lowly lay!

Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires. 355

The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves

To virtue, to her country, to mankind,

To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,

As to her priests, gives it her, to hymn

Whatever good and excellent she forms. 360



POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

VERSES

Occasioned by the

DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN,

A particular Friend of the Author's.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart,
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whole eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

TO THE REV. MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL IN SUFFOLK, 1738.

THUS safely low, my Friend! thou can'st not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate;
High bliss is only for a higher state.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY.

HERE, Stanley! rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes, of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain;
No more sweet patience, feigning oft' relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief;
With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own;

Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!

O! born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
To show us Virtue in her fairest form;
To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye;
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Blest be the bark that wafts us to the shore
Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
To join thee here, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of Saint Matthew.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear,
While all my warring passions are at strife,
O! let me listen to the words of Life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears,
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air;
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;

Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing when Spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in Winter's pinching reign,
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparring bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye Faithless! say,
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?



ODES.

ODE.

I.

TELL me, thou Soul of her I love!
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled,
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe,
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh, if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under ev'ry well-known tree
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of Grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh! visit thou my soothing dream.

ODE.

O NIGHTINGALE! best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love:
O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale! to me.
'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.
You, happy Birds! by Nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by Nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should blame;
And hence, in vain, I languish for my bride:
O mourn with me, sweet Bird! my hapless flame.

ODE

TO SERAPHINA.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive light
Whose flattering un auspicious blaze
To precipices oft' betrays;
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind and cleans the heart,
Is like the sacred Queen of Night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind;
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in visions angels shed
Around the heav'n-illumin'd head.
To love thee, Seraphina! sure,
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low passions to escape,
And woo bright Virtue's fairest shape;
'Tis ecstasy with wisdom join'd,
And heav'n intus'd into the mind.

ODE

ON ZOLUS'S HARP.*

I.

ETHEREAL Race, inhabitants of Air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove,
Ye unseen Beings! to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

* Zolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald; its properties are fully described in the *Castle of Indolence*.

II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid!
 With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
 Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
 Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

III.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
 On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
 Or he the sacred Bard, † who sat alone
 In the drear waste, and wept his peoples' woes.

IV.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
 When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint;
 And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
 Angelic harps, to sooth a dying saint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir
 Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise;
 Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
 To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

VI.

Let me, ye wand'ring Spirits of the wind!
 Who, as wild Fancy prompts you, touch the string,
 Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
 For till you cease my Muse forgets to sing.

ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED.

I.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain;
 "Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
 "Britons never will be slaves."

† Jeremiah.

II.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
'The dread and envy of them all.

"Rule, &c.

III.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

"Rule," &c.

IV.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.

"Rule," &c.

V.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

"Rule," &c.

VI.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;

"Britons never will be slaves."



SONGS.

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.
Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracks along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,
Ye gentle Spirits of the vale!
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.
O tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
O! tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.
Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in prayer.
But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at Love's suspected name,
With that of Friendship sooth her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

SONG.

I.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower:

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the freshening fields appear:
Without my love there is no spring.

SONG.

FOR ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?
But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

E e

SONG.

COME, gentle God of soft desire!

Come and possess my happy breath,
Not fury-like in flames and fire,
Or frantic Folly's wildness drest;
But come in Friendship's angel-guise:
Yet dearer thou than Friendship art,
More tender spirit in thy eyes,
More sweet emotions at the heart.
O come with Goodness in thy train,
With Peace and Pleasure, void of storm;
And wouldst thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG,

Intended to have been inserted in the fourth Act of Sophonisba.

COME, gentle Venus! and assuage

A warring world, a bleeding age;
For Nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintry tempests haste away,
A lucid calm invests the sea,
Thy native deep is full of thee;
The flowering earth, where'er you fly,
Is all o'er spring, all sun the sky;
A genial spirit warms the breeze;
Unseen among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The desert grows a soften'd note;
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
And love and harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart
You strike the dear delicious dart;
You teach us pleasing pangs to know,
To languish in luxurious woe;
To feel the generous passions rise,
Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love.

Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!

To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh come, sweet smiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom:
For long the furious God of war
Has crush'd us with his iron car,
Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has soil'd them with his cruel stains,
Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy bosom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiss,
Ah! then his stormy heart controul,
And sigh thyself into his soul.



AN
HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL mildly pleasing Solitude!

Companion of the wise and good,
But from whose holy, piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.

Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.

A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.

A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:

Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,

As, with her Musidora, the
(Her Musidora fond of thee)

Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of Morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;

And while meridian fervours beat,

Thine is the woodland dumb retreat:
But chief, when evening scenes decay,

And the faint landscape swims away,

Thine is the doubtful soft decline,

And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,

The virtues of the sage and swain:

Plain Innocence, in white array'd,

Before thee lifts her fearless head:

Religion's beams around thee shine,

And cheer thy glooms with light divine;

About thee sports sweet Liberty;

And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh! let me pierce thy secret cell,

And in thy deep recesses dwell.

Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,

When Meditation has her fill,

I just may cast my careless eyes

Where London's spiry turrets rise,

Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,

Then shield me in the woods again.

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